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Vol. CLXXVII No. 2312 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 13 1944

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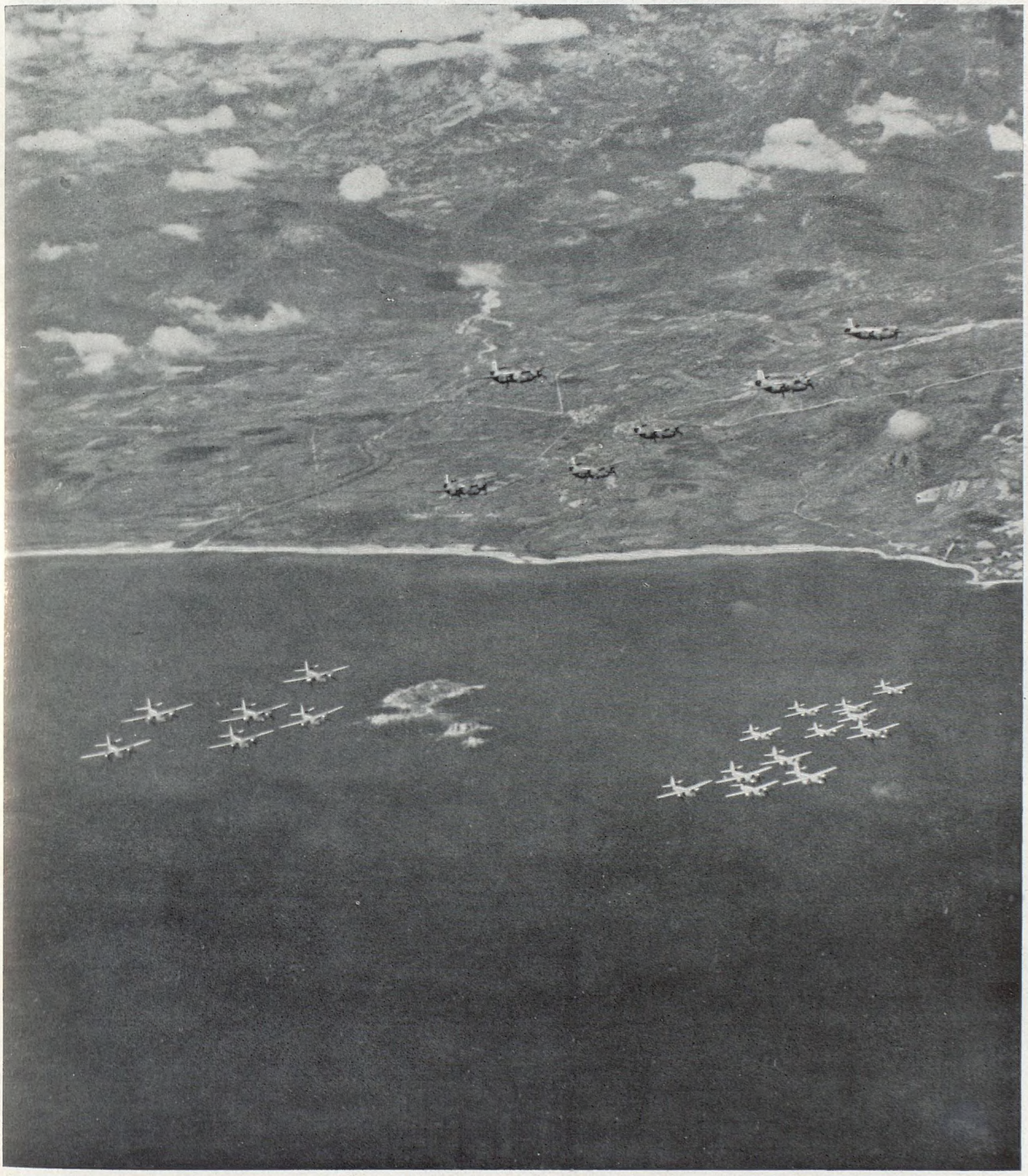
Volume CLXXVII No. 2312 The SPHERE, London, May 13, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE TWO-WAY AIR ASSAULT ON THE "FORTRESS EUROPA": HIGH OVER THE COASTLINE OF SARDINIA, AMERICAN MARAUDERS SET OUT, in groups of six, towards the southern French coast to attack the Nazis from the "underside"

Hitler's "Festung Europa" is to-day being rocked and shattered by the greatest concentration of aerial might the world has yet seen. Day after day, in mounting numbers and with ever-increasing ferocity, huge masses of Allied bombers and fighters are blasting German war plants, communications and airfields into crumbling and smoking ruin, in preparation for the day when the Allied armies will land on the Continent. These aerial armadas are threatening Europe in a gigantic "pincer," with one leg in England and the other in Italy and Sardinia. This picture was taken above the last-named strategic island in the Mediterranean: it shows American Marauder bombers taking off for still another attack against the south of France. On this occasion the target was the Var River railroad bridge near Nice

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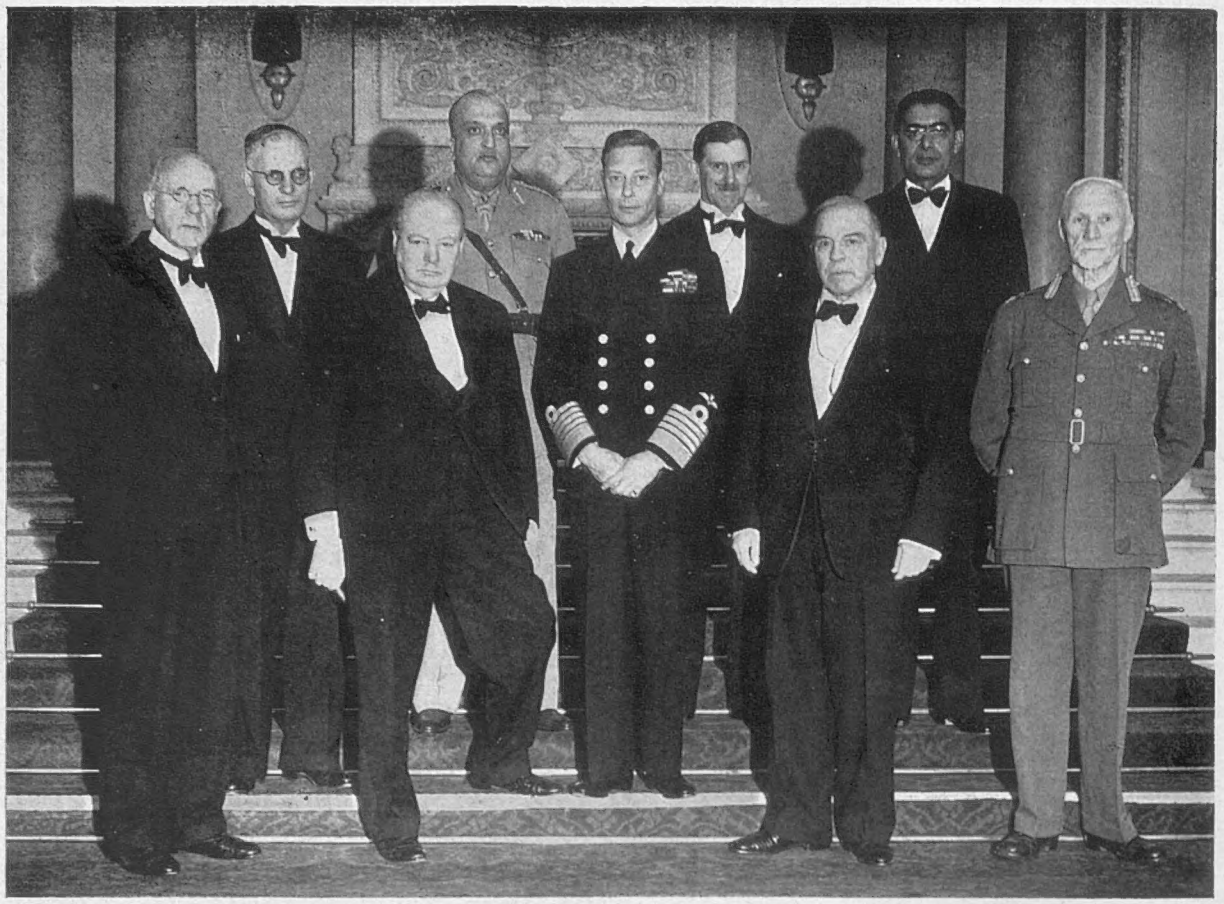
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 245

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Australia's Praise. — The generous praise given to us who live on this small island by the Premier of Australia was a heartening fillip in the doldrums of this "lull" and a source of eternal pride to every one of us in the Old Country—above all, a confident proof that the spirit of our Commonwealth burns as brightly and as strong as ever, and that the essential things which compose it shall outrun time and triumph over shades and shadows of differences. Some of us, sometimes of late, have felt that reference has too often been made to the now-distant days when "we stood alone." But we have thought so only when those references were made by our own island voices—and by way of apology. When they are freely made by outside voices, and made with generosity and unequivocal frankness, they are welcome now and always and to be filed away and marked "*Alba creta.*" Those who go out into the Empire and come in from the Empire see best the greatness of Britain, best realise the importance of our living up to that greatness. Apologists for Britain are not wanted by those who serve Britain overseas, and are sorry currency in our relations with overseas nations. Here in Britain the confused voices, the little voices, the craven voices, are heard louder, and we are prone to doubt our own greatness and to begin to apologise for our weaknesses. They are many, venial and venal. The greatness remains and overrides minority crimes and minority pettiness. And far beyond these voices, the greatness of Britain stands, like a rock, above the mists. Let us plan and build on that, to that be true.

War Memorials.—That the whole earth is the sepulchre of brave men is a truism known since writing existed and since war began. There is every argument in favour of one, and only one, national memorial to the dead of the present war. And there is much to be said for some superb purchase of land round St. Paul's for a splendid garden of remembrance and a green setting for a national shrine. The men who died fought for a green acre somewhere in Britain, for a "little, lost Down church," an unknown village straggling in a lane, perhaps for an ugly row of mining cottages. It may be hard to check or discourage local memory and love, the mother and father of all patriotism. The trouble with statuary is that it is built to endure. The taste of one generation may be bad or objectionable in the eyes of another. Bad Generals on horseback, redundant sovereigns in stone, successful grocers in broadcloth, block the roads and streets of posterity *ad infinitum*, and piety revolts from scrapping them. Piety revolted long from scrapping those rusty guns and tanks which made hideous village greens in the years between. Never again, please God. And when we plan our memorials of love (not hate), let us this time remember that we fought united as a nation, and that the whole earth is still the memorial of those who died to keep it free.

Waiting.—It may be in the years immediately ahead there will be agreement among civilians that the time of greatest stress and trial was the lull before the Invasion. The nearest approach to the condition of mind induced by this lull was in September 1939, and in each case the prime causes of stress were ignorance and inaction. In September 1939 we had not the faintest idea what total war meant. The phoney war followed, and nothing was quite as we supposed The same ignorance existed in April-May 1944. The dates of invasion here and there were, we supposed, long since fixed and agreed among the Great Powers, and neither the services of our eyes or ears could help us much to elucidate these well-guarded secrets. Day after day, night after night, the great bombers roared over our heads on their missions, and we wondered, with total lack of evidence, what effect this non-stop hurricane was having on German powers of resistance. Irresistible force seemed still to be waging unequal warfare against an impenetrable mass. Reading between the lines brought little fillip to our faith. We speculated on so many dark mysteries. Where it would come, when it would come. What our armies were thinking of it, how the great adventure would affect our own lives, our own corner of England. In total war (and after five years of it) planning of the most trivial features of the daily round seems often difficult and even worthless. In the lull, such planning became almost impossible. Compared to this phase, the great blitz of '40-41 seemed by contrast a peaceful interlude. Why? Because, I am sure, we were kept busy then, kept from thinking. Superimposed on our daily labours, we enjoyed the blessing of immediate preoccupation with service for others. We seemed then to have something of a man's job to do. These last weeks, when war organisation has at last reached up to its probable ceiling of efficiency, the machine creaks less, runs freer and on oiled wheels, and demands less individual initiative. There is, unfortunately, time to think.



THE KING ENTERTAINS THE DOMINIONS PREMIERS TO DINNER AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

A few days ago the King and Queen gave a dinner-party at the Palace in honour of the four Dominions Premiers now in London for the Empire Conference. This picture was taken on that occasion: in the front row are—Mr. Peter Fraser, of New Zealand; Mr. John Curtin, of Australia; Mr. Winston Churchill, H.M. the King, Mr. Mackenzie King, of Canada; and General Smuts. Others who were present were the Maharajah of Kashmir (in uniform, behind), Sir Godfrey Huggins, Premier of Southern Rhodesia, and Sir Firoz Khan Noon (on right, behind). The King, General Smuts and the Maharajah were in uniform, the others wore dinner-jackets

Worth Trying?—"The war party in Britain is still bent on the defeat of the Nazis. It is no use to hope for a 'sane' compromise peace." The Nazis' chief spokesmen are just now telling the German people to abandon wishful thinking on these lines, because, although of course the majority in Britain want a compromise peace on any terms, Churchill and the Jews and the capitalists are wagging the British (bull) dog, and will wag it to the end. So it is "back to the wall" for Germans. Now, one can justify Goebbels using any wordy argument which may bolster up his lost cause, but some of these arguments, if used, are sorry evidence of the state of mind of the Doctor and of his patients. For two generations our lives have been made a hell, our hearths and homes have been ruined and bereft, and our treasures exhausted by this bestial breed of Germans; and still, after thirty years to the day of Prussian practices, Goebbels thinks it worth while to persuade these Germans that most Britons would be glad to resume the mixture as before for another generation, and would gladly call the round off, and prepare at leisure for the next. For each generation there is only one life, and that life was capable of being pleasant, but for the Germans. No. There is only one conclusion. Goebbels knows his race and he knows they are capable of believing anything. Mentally they have sunk to swinishness or poultrydom. But *guts* they still possess. Could any other race (save one or two perhaps) have endured the pounding they have endured in the past months and still resolve to "fight them on the beaches, in the streets, in the houses . . . ?" They still have guts, and that knowledge keeps us on our toes to-day, and affords us for to-morrow a faint hope that, when at last, as a nation, they have made total submission and yielded all the means they may still have of making hell once more, there may remain some nucleus worth saving and educating to civilisation and decency at last, always provided that sane nations remain sane and armed and ready to jump together on the first spark of Prussianism.

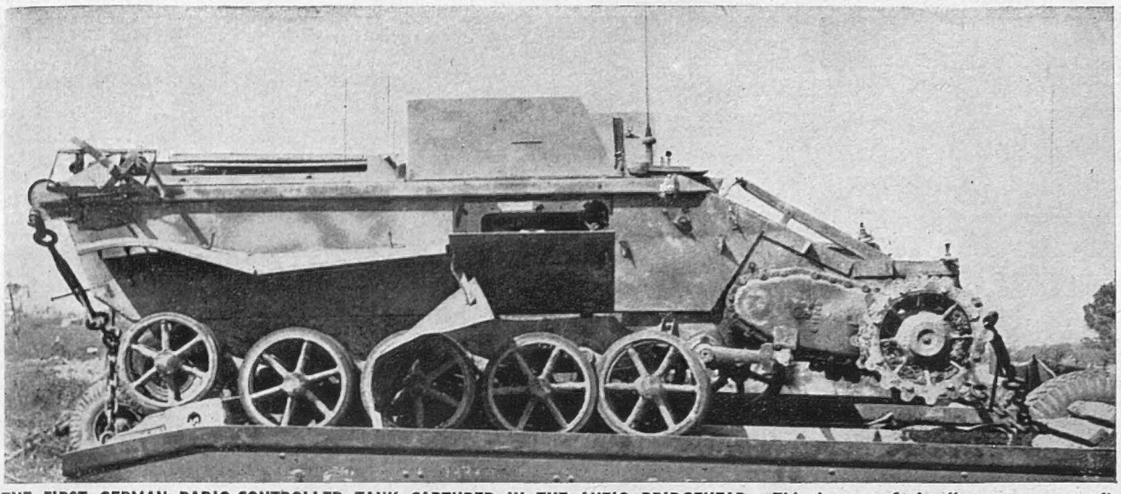
Great Snakes.—When I was a boy I hardly ever met a snake. When first I came about ten years ago to West Sussex I hardly ever saw a snake. This spring they positively crawl on the ground—adders, grass-snakes, slow-worms. On one day last week I killed two adders on my lawn, saw three grass-snakes in my dried-up pond and two slow-worms in a drain. The same day I met an educated countryman who, walking through my wood, had just counted three adders and four grass-snakes, and had found two dead adders killed by cars on our road. This is surely remarkable. I suppose it is the abnormal drought that has brought them up and out. Are snakes on the increase, and what is the remedy for the viper's bite? I cannot get the same opinion from any two pundits or any two printed authorities. I should be grateful for a sure remedy; for all children and most female adults here go about with bare legs. And here is another phenomenon seen. On May 2, at noon, soon after a flight of planes had passed overhead flying south-east, I saw a full circular, pure opal rainbow in the clear blue sky, and then a shimmering veil (like sunlight dancing on a calm sea) was drawn over the sky *against* the wind. This was twice repeated and occurred about two minutes after the flight of planes had passed. I never saw such a thing before (but I am not observant). What accounted for it? Was it connected with engine gases?

God Wot!—In the blitz of 1940 the gardens of Britain were opened to visitors in the cause of District nursing, and visitors were not wanting. Many came in cars—there was petrol in those days—and came from far away. The cause benefited, and I remember how lovely many of the gardens looked—there were gardeners and handy men in those days. All the same, it needed faith and courage to plan and fix your dates in those days. You were never sure that your garden might not be an ugly pox of craters on the day. And now, on the eve of the Great Adventure and trial—the reverse blitz—the same gardens are opening in the same good cause. The same gardens—and not the same. The trim lawns are meadows, the paths are weed-beds, the "herbaceous" is a potato-patch; the visitors are all "locals," and they come afoot or on bicycles. But they bring their shillings, generally pay twice over, and are just as much interested in your shallots as formerly in your Iceland poppies or Himalayan rhododendrons, your florinda or blue bayleyi. Still as of old, the gardens of England afford peace and sanity and consolation and philosophy to tired and puzzled minds. And tea and buns in cracked cups and on broken plates in a war-scarred dining-room afford still a social occasion and make a notable event. We rally to the cause of civilisation and sanity—very properly. And some of us can still produce cocktails and asparagus sandwiches.

THE OLD STAGER

The NAZI "DEATH TRAP"

And the Aeroplane "Tank Destroyer"



THE FIRST GERMAN RADIO-CONTROLLED TANK CAPTURED IN THE ANZIO BRIDGEHEAD. This is one of the "secret weapons" which were used in the big February attack: it is known to the Germans as the "Death Trap" or "Living Coffin"

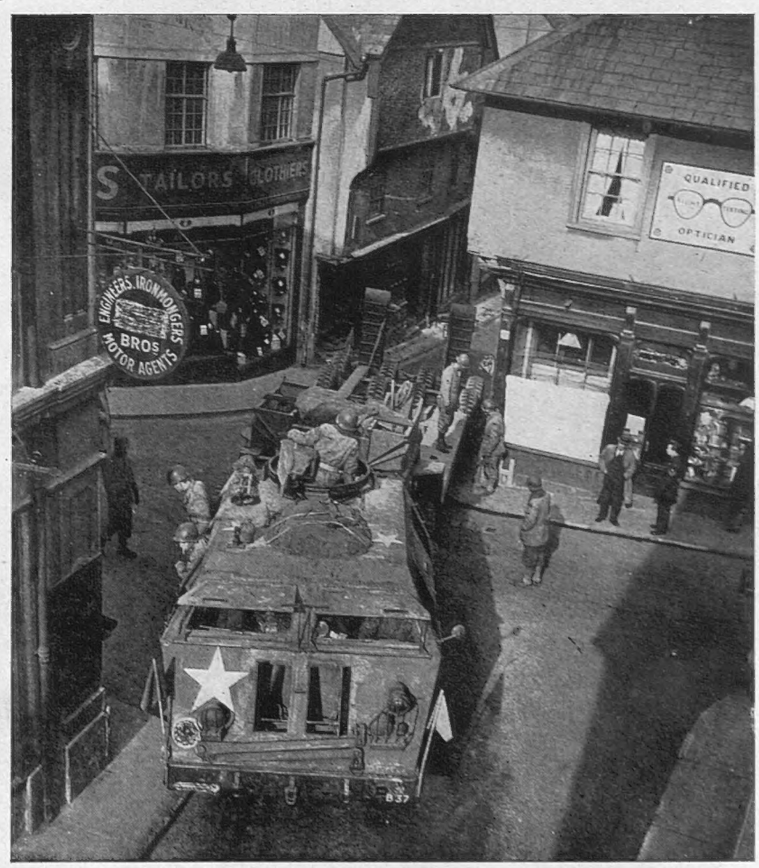
We now have definite evidence that the Germans tried out radio-controlled army fighting vehicles against the Fifth Army beach-head. Prisoners had stated that a wave of these carriers preceded the big February attack. We captured a specimen of the Goliath, but this turned out to be a small affair and remote-controlled by cable rather than radio-controlled. Some time ago, however, a young officer of the Royal Engineers on patrol came across a vehicle that looked like a smashed half-tracked Hun carrier. Later examination proved it to be the first specimen of the vaunted radio-controlled tank. It looks like a light carrier, with tracks like a small tank. It is about 12 ft. long, 6 ft. wide, and 4 ft. high, slightly smaller than a Bren-gun carrier. It has a petrol engine, which may give it a speed of 28 m.p.h. It is protected by ·78-in. armour in front and ·59-in. on the top and sides. It carries an 800-lb. charge.

Its driver brings it as far forward as he dare, then gets out and switches on the radio control. The explosive charge is carried in front. Just when its objective is reached a reverse gear is set, the explosive charge is dropped and set off, and the tank withdraws. When the vehicle returns the driver takes over again. The Germans aptly call it Todeswagen (Death Trap) or Lebender Sarg (Living Coffin).

LOOKING DOWN ON TO THE CAPTURED TANK FROM THE REAR. This specimen was recovered with great difficulty, under heavy enemy fire

SAPPERS OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS TAKING MEASUREMENTS of the captured vehicle. It is 12 ft. long, 5 ft. wide, and only 4 ft. high

"TANKS DESTROYED FROM THE AIR": First picture (from a German source) of another "secret weapon" of the Nazis. For long it has been stated by the Germans that they have been fighting Russian tanks on the ground by means of anti-tank guns carried in aircraft. This, however, is the first representation of how it is done. The drawing shows a cannon, with very long barrel, mounted in a special housing under the fuselage of the bomber. It resembles somewhat the 75-mm. gun of the Mitchell bomber, with the difference that in the Mitchell the gun-barrel does not protrude to anything like the extent of its German counterpart



A NEW ALLIED MONSTER ON WHEELS: A huge American vehicle passes through the narrow streets of an English town. This giant tank-recovery vehicle, now operating with a U.S. Tank Division in the United Kingdom, causes no little surprise as its huge bulk is manœuvred through the streets. Skilful handling is necessary to avoid grazing the sides of buildings or climbing up on to the footpaths. The vehicle is one of the weapons which will be used by our armies when the Second Front opens

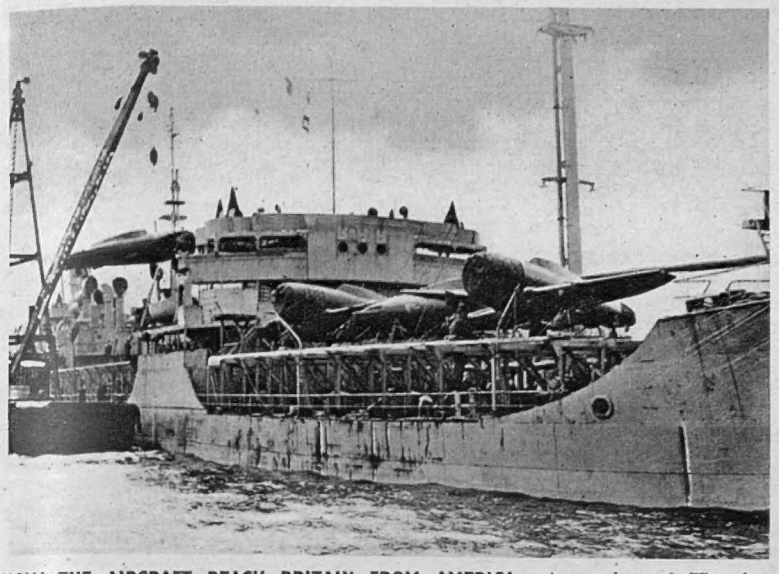
SECOND FRONT TROOPS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM PREPARING FOR THE COMING OFFENSIVE AGAINST THE NAZIS IN EUROPE. The British, American and Allied Armies of Liberation are now massing for the opening of the Second Front. "Last-minute" preparations are being made all over the country, and Britain now resembles an armed camp filled with fighting men and fighting equipment of all kinds. This picture, taken on a country road, shows Priest self-propelled guns being prepared for action : it is only one scene of many such scenes. When the Second Front does open, the equipment with which the Allies will fight will be found as perfect as modern military knowledge can render possible

GETTING READY FOR INVASION

Last-Minute Scenes of Preparation and Rehearsal for the Opening of the Second Front in Europe

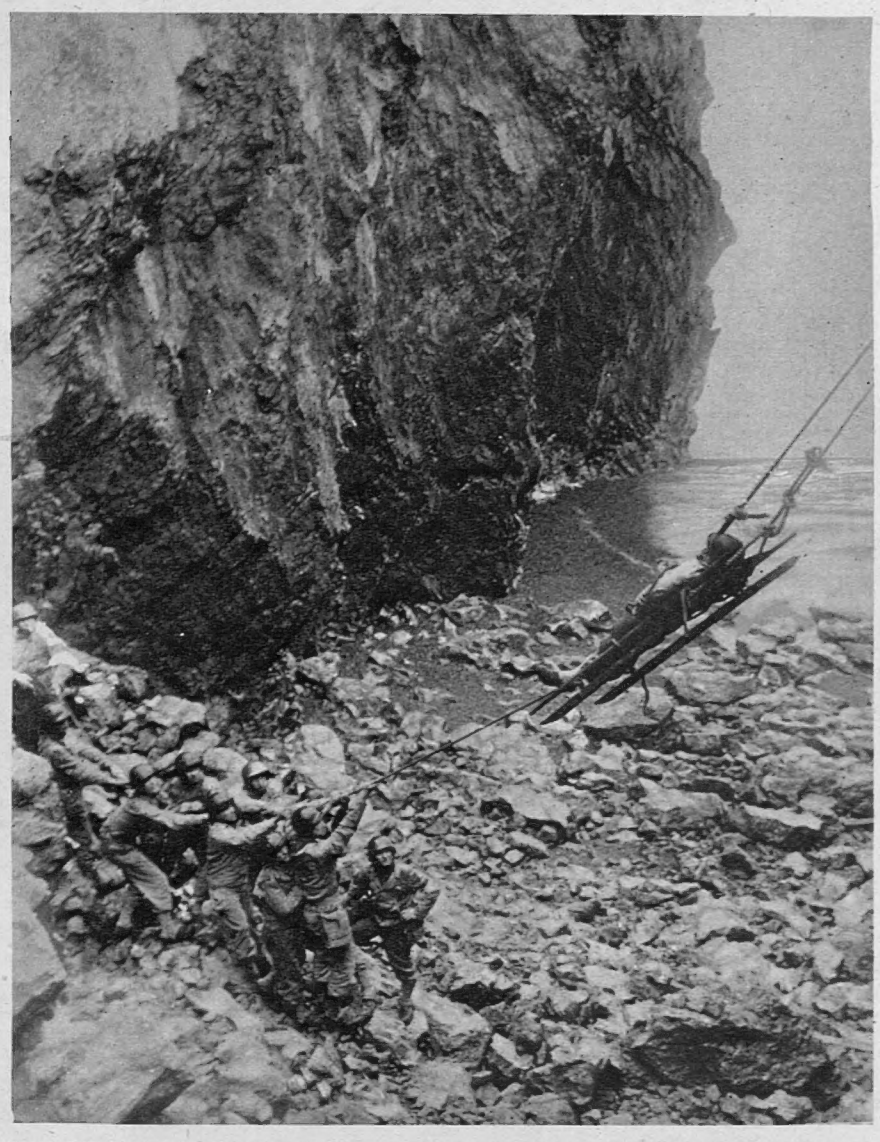
HOW THE TROOPS ARE REHEARSING. Before the coming storm, the camps have become hives of activity, with preparations of all kinds proceeding apace. Here a group of men are rehearsing for the clearance of minefields by means of a "Polish Mine Detector, Mark III (Long Arm)." The enemy is known to have strewn many areas thickly with mines, and their rapid clearance will be an essential job when our Armies go ashore

IN A CAMP IN THE WOODS : A major has a talk with his men and tells them something of the tasks which will lie ahead once battle has been joined with the Nazis on the Continent. In the background are the tents in which the men of this company live, screened by the tall trees from observation from the air



HOW THE AIRCRAFT REACH BRITAIN FROM AMERICA: A number of Thunderbolt fighters are lashed to scaffolding on the vessel's forward deck to hold them secure during the voyage overseas. Great quantities of American war supplies and equipment have already been massed in Britain for the coming offensive

ANOTHER LANDING CRAFT IS LAUNCHED, while the women who helped to build it look on. A shipyard which was derelict from 1918, and where now 60 per cent. of the workers are women, is building and launching landing craft faster than any other yard in the country. Assembling pre-fabricated craft on four berths, one craft has been launched every seven days for the past two months



HOW THE U.S. MEDICAL CORPS ARE LEARNING TO HANDLE SECOND FRONT CASUALTIES: With the opening of the offensive, casualties will be inevitable, particularly at the outset. Many of these will occur at places where the difficulties of shifting the patients may be great. The U.S. Medical Corps are at present learning how to tackle such problems: this picture shows members of the Corps evacuating wounded soldiers with all speed, after a simulated attack on the coast, by means of a specially-constructed cradle

SMOKE COMES TO THE AID OF THE INVADING SOLDIER: Hostile aircraft are approaching to attack men and machines on the beach; the troops rush to take cover in the smoke which is being laid down to screen them

Thanks to the skill of our scientists, the modern smoke-screen is a real boon to the fighting man, who has always longed for "a cloak invisible." In this white fog, which is made by dispensing a special combination, they have it. Less harmful to breathe, men can fight in it with no more lung discomfort than if they were breathing mountain mist, and it is more persistent in density and quicker to lay than any screening agent previously discovered. It will save thousands upon thousands of lives; in forcing bridgeheads in Hitler's fortress it can more than halve the casualty lists. Before tackling a strongly-held enemy position during the last war, a commanding officer could look along the tense ranks of men waiting for his order to attack with the near certainty that two must die for every one to reach the objective. "To win an enemy position, one must be prepared to attack with three times the force with which the position is held," said the military text-books. Modern smoke-fighting has fogged those grim calculations. At worst, no more than one man will die for every one that goes forward. As an average, no more than one man in four should be lost, even in the heaviest fighting

FIGHTING around IMPHAL

Scenes in the Manipur Plain and in the Mayu Range in Arakan

—Special Sphere Drawings

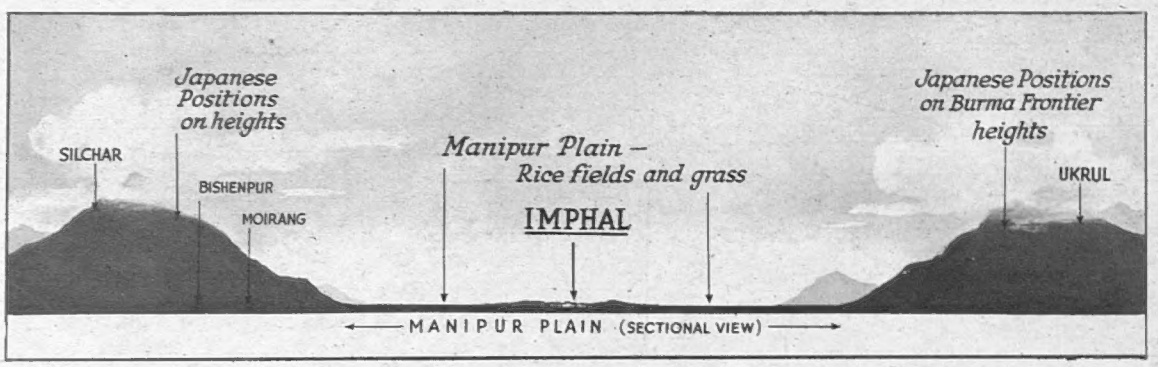
FOR about six weeks Imphal has been cut off from its main road supply route through Dimapur and Kohima through the action of the Japanese in attacking Kohima and blocking the road to Dimapur. But the Plain of Imphal remained under Allied control and within its area of about forty miles long and twenty miles wide, the enemy made little advance. The Plain consists of a fertile valley in the midst of a wild mass of mountain and forest. Food is cultivated on its flat surface, which also provided good airfields. The natives belong to the same race as the wild tribes inhabiting the Naga hills, but they are of superior quality owing to their easier and more prosperous conditions. They live in mud huts under thatched roofs, with wide verandas. Ever since the retreat from Burma in May 1942, Imphal has been threatened with the possibility of a Japanese attack, and has built up supplies in sufficient quantity to stand a long siege.

The only land route open to Imphal has been the old track from Silchar to Bishenpur, 150 miles long, which joins up with the Tiddim road, some twenty miles south of Imphal. It is a rough cart-track, and was little used after the good road had been made from Dimapur. The Japanese began penetrating into this area, in small units, and a few weeks ago tried to block this track as they had already blocked the Kohima road. They managed to get some strategic hill positions, and are said to have set up blocks on the track; indeed, the enemy claimed to have occupied Moirang, a village to the south-west of Imphal. Allied troops are in contact with the enemy, brisk fighting taking place. On one occasion British troops and Gurkhas, who had climbed 2,000 ft. along a corkscrew track through the mountainous jungle, fought a hand-to-hand engagement with the enemy on a hill-top during the night, lit up by the headlights of the tanks which had been manœuvred through the jungle by the continuous efforts of the sappers.

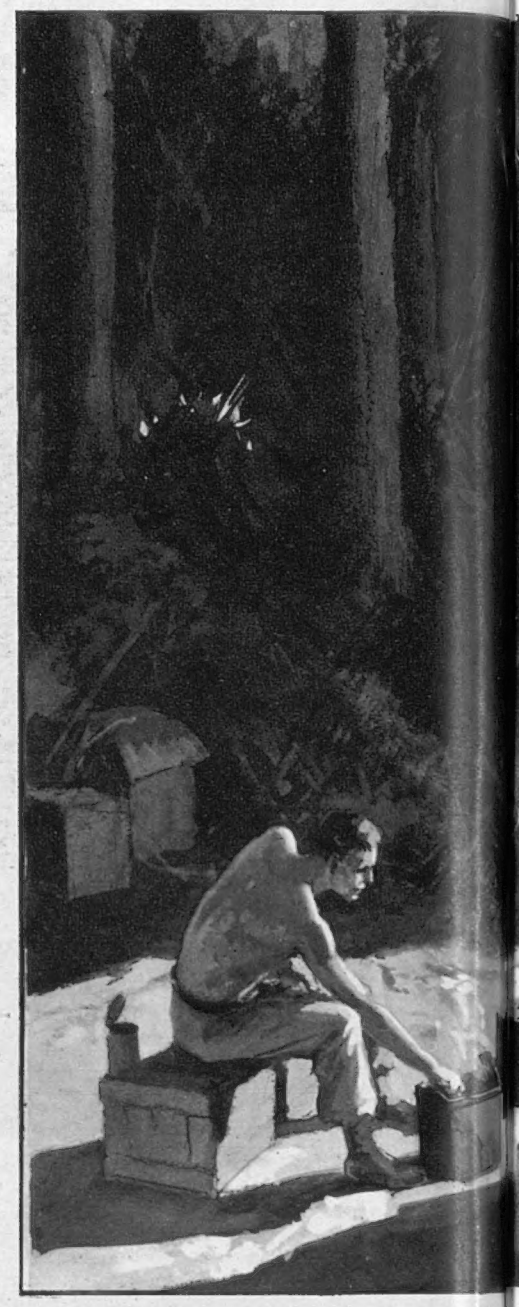
In the northern part of the Plain, the Allies are now on the offensive, breaking through road blocks on the Kohima and Ukrul roads, and driving back the Japanese towards the hills. The Japanese have been skilful in holding hill-tops, overlooking the Plain, from which it has been difficult to eject them. One hundred and twenty Japs held out for eighteen days, till one survivor was left. Now the road is clear for thirty miles to Ukrul, and the Allies are in possession of Mapas Hill, which dominates the Japanese supply routes. There seems little doubt that the power of the enemy to penetrate with guns and supplies along the narrow tracks across the frontier mountains in the north was underestimated. Raiding parties had been expected, but not a force strong enough to hold up Kohima.

Fierce fighting is constantly taking place on the Palel-Tamu road, but the enemy has not been able to force a way through on the only good metalled road leading into Burma. Tanks have failed to cut the block, and while this block is held by the Allies there is no danger to Imphal, which can be supplied from the air. Though the presence of the Japanese in Assam has been a great nuisance, and even a considerable danger to the troops holding Kohima, it has not been regarded as a regular invasion but rather that of a large raid. The Japanese are now faced with an awkward situation, dominated by the fact that the monsoon is expected at the end of May. Unless they can be in Imphal by that time they will be exposed to the descent of the sheet-like rains, or forced to retreat over the mountains. It is said that some of the enemy troops are proceeding south from Kohima along a track to the west of the road to Imphal, apparently with the intention of joining up with the Japanese operating around Bishenpur. This might mean that they were prepared to make a frontal attack, in the open, upon Imphal, a daring effort considering the superiority in heavy guns, and supremacy in the air of the Allies. The Japanese High Command apparently cling to the idea that the British will retreat if they find Japs infiltrating around them, and that Imphal will be left open for them to enter.

Clever as they may be in getting guns and supplies over the mountains, while the good road is denied them, the Japanese do not appear likely to achieve their main object of gaining Imphal, its airfields and cultivated plain. They had invaded India with the idea that it would stop the flow of supplies to General Stilwell's and Wingate's forces. The supplies, however, are still reaching the attacking forces in Burma, and the Ledo road continues to be constructed as the troops advance.



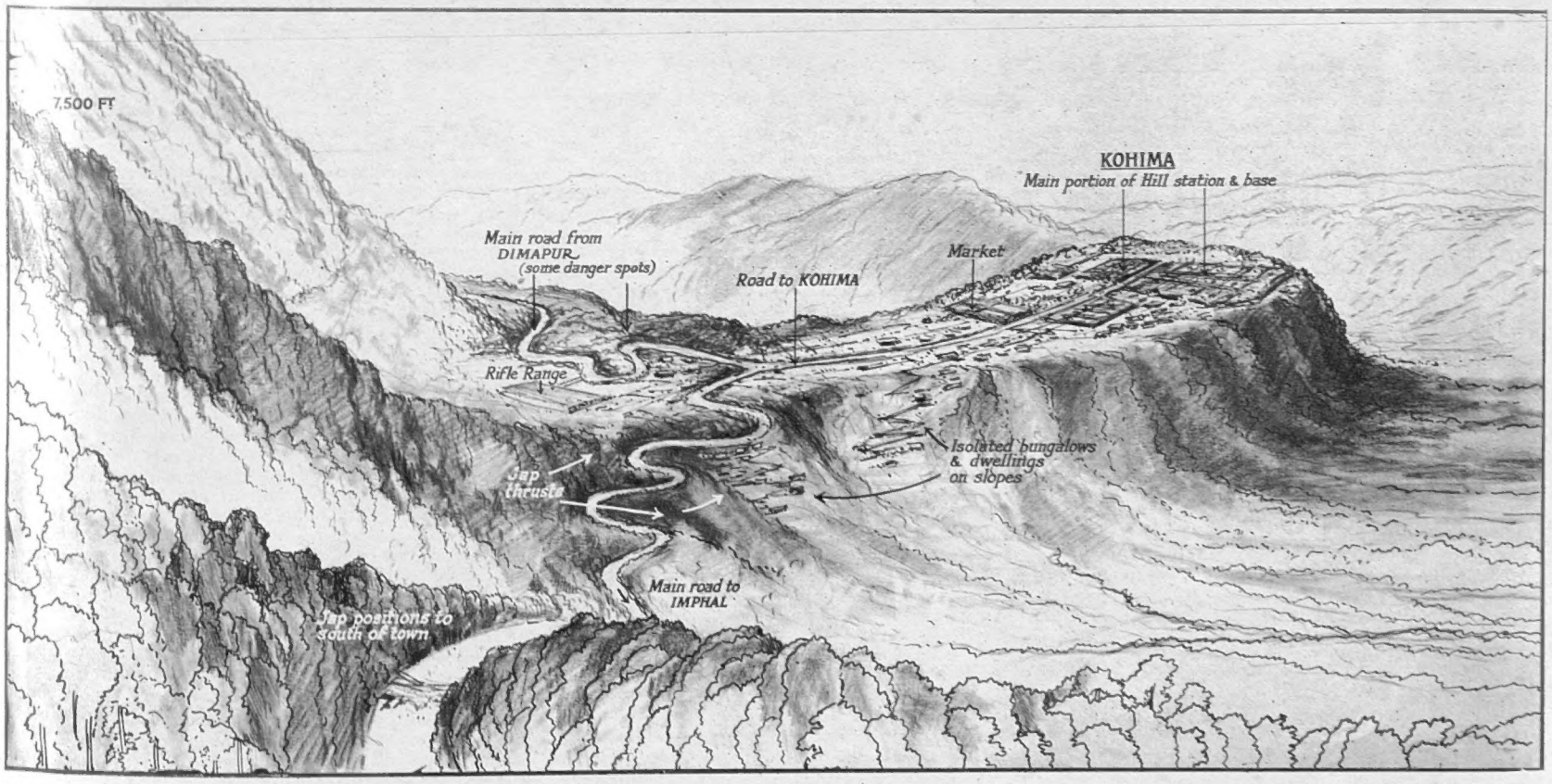
A SECTION THROUGH THE MANIPUR PLAIN, in the centre of which lies the key position of Imphal, capital of the State. The heights on both sides of the Plain are held by the Japanese, who have been trying to outflank and encircle the British armies



FIGHTING THE JAPS AMONG THE JUNGLE-CLAD HILLS WITH THE AID OF SEARCHLIGHTS FROM THE TANKS: a night attack in the Bishenpur area, which lies some sixteen miles to the south of Imphal—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

In the Bishenpur area around Imphal, a considerable force of Japanese managed to reach the Imphal Plain. Others reached the adjacent rugged high country only 16 miles to the south of the capital of Manipur State. When they attacked positions held by British troops and Gurkhas, a battle was fought under fantastic conditions. British tanks turned on their headlights to assist in defending the infantry and to pick out the Jap tanks perched up on a 5,000-ft. peak. After much hand-to-hand fighting our troops threw back the enemy as the result of attacks such as that depicted by our artist in the above drawing

THE LIFE OF THE BRITISH REGIMENTS FIGHTING IN BURMA: HOW THE MEN OF A SOUTH COUNTY REGIMENT ARE LIVING IN THE MAYU RIDGE AREA ON THE ARAKAN FRONT. Even in the jungle you cannot separate an Englishman from his tea; here a little group holding an outpost are preparing for the afternoon ritual. All about them lie the Burmese hills and densely-wooded slopes under a hot Asian sun: they are dressed accordingly, affording a vivid contrast to their comrades who have been campaigning amidst the snows and bitter winds and rain of the Italian fronts—*Drawing by E. Osmond*



THE POSITION AT KOHIMA, showing its situation on a narrow bluff by the side of the main road to Dimapur. The Japs here approached the outskirts of the town from the south and also threatened the supply road from the north—*Drawing by Percy Home*

For a fortnight during April, the hill-station base at Kohima (which lies 60 miles to the north of Imphal) was closely pressed by the Japanese forces which had penetrated the hills to the east. At the end of that period a relief force pushed down the road from Dimapur and reached the station. The military situation was at once relieved; the united forces at Kohima were able to press back the Japanese from close proximity to the town. The troops had dug themselves in and were in defensive positions from which attacks from the enemy could be successfully repelled. The Dimapur road remained open to some extent, certain spots remaining where one had to run the gauntlet of attack. Kohima's main centres lie on a bluff separate from the main road to Imphal by a short connecting road. Beyond and around the market, shown in the drawing above, are a number of separate bungalows and buildings. These sprawl alongside the road and down the slopes where the Imphal road dips into a hollow. It was on this side of the station that the Japanese continued to block the main road southward and to necessitate a careful defence. The Japanese were reported to be regrouping after the strengthening of the garrison, but they had suffered heavy losses in local fighting

WHO WANTS TO EMIGRATE and WHO WANTS EMIGRANTS?

This will be One of the Big After-war Problems: here is a Consideration of the Many Factors Involved.

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE young Australian was holding forth in the South Coast "local," and some of the home-bred company winked, while others signified their feelings by a certain glumness. Australia was a great country, there was no doubt about that. It had climate, lashings of food and beer, an easy-going comradeship, fruit grew wild, life was more simple and direct, the women were fine sports, physical well-being matched the sunshine. . . .

"Then why have only 7,000,000 people?" broke in a voice.

The answer was surprising. I had expected a retort about Pommies and not wanting other people's leavings, not sufficient work, no thank you for your Jarrows. But this young fellow who had been talking big said that Australia was ready to absorb 30,000,000 more people within fifty years or by the end of the century. He said it could be done in the main by the development of secondary industries; that we should get out of our minds the notion of Australia as primarily a farming country; but that the going would be hard and dull for many years.

"You all want to stay round the cities," he enlarged, "but that 's no go. The country has got to be opened up to absorb these new millions even at an average of 500,000 a year, and that will mean settling in places where there are none of your home amenities, no cinemas and dance-halls, no pubs, often not a soul for 5 or 10 miles around. It will be up to the new Australians and their children to build their own amenities."

Only parts of the Northern Territories were uninhabitable by whites, and a lot of rot was current about most of Australia being irreclamable desert. The Old Country had the right sort, said the young Australian. They didn't want foreigners who formed countries within a country, though they 'd be glad of some. What Australia wanted was the R.A.F. sort—that was to say, technicians and builders, fellows who could be switched to industry besides their flying and radio accomplishments.

"And that 's just the sort we want to keep here!" cracked down the voice. "Aside from which, your secondary industries, as you call them, will knock our exports to you and others and spread more unemployment here. Why should we send you our best to bring that about?"

The kind of summarising which causes a glancing-around pause. But our Aussie quickly regained equilibrium. "Well," said he, "Australia intends to turn her big war plant over to peacetime production. We can find big markets in the Orient. We don't want to do the Old Country any harm, but we Diggers are an up-and-coming lot. And even already we 're chiefly a manufacturing country. Get that well in."

Thus far it all comes back quite clearly. But thereafter threads became twisted, and I have no more than a general recollection as the topic was attacked from various angles and corners. Did people really want to emigrate? Weren't the Forces all dreaming of just returning home, and a garden and a girl? Would our young women want to go—there was a shortage overseas, wasn't there? Why not ask the Brains Trust?

Didn't emigrants need a tidy sum to get in? And what about their social benefits here? Lost? It fair was a teaser and no mistake. This Imperial Conference had better hammer out some sort of give-and-take. It was as much a question of protecting the Dominions from people like the Japs, of our knitting closer together, as of relieving congestion in Britain. And, cor, if they weren't asking us to have larger families!

"It all sounds very funny to me," finally intervened the Boss of the House, folding back a newspaper with intent. Had we seen these figures yesterday? He read out:

"In Britain, nearly 50,000,000 people for less than 100,000 square miles. In Australia, 7,000,000 people for 3,000,000 square miles. In Canada, 11,000,000 people for 3,500,000 square miles. In New Zealand, 1,500,000 people living in roughly the same area as Britain's 50,000,000. In South Africa, 2,000,000 Europeans for 500,000 square miles."

Emigration invariably takes the stage after wars. One of my earliest memories, after Matabeleland, is of an uncle being packed off "to the Colonies" on account of high spirits (he was to become a police chief at the Cape). The Boer War-Coronation-*Ophir* cruise led to a big Empire vogue in the early 1900's. All the same, that was easy, old-time emigration liberally spiced by remittance men and "Last of England" sentiment, and it died in 1914.

During 1919-22 an Empire emigration policy was set afoot. It was the first attempt at planning, and a few years later it had flopped to a large extent. We were supposed to have sent out softies or get-rich-quickers or plain bad men. And our folk, for their part, were not at all satisfied either with their treatment or with what they found. You needed, they said, to be an Olympic athlete with private means to be really welcomed into the fold.

Therefore, the new starting-point might well be: No false lures but hard reality in the shop window. More useful than fields of waving corn would be a wilderness marked: "You may have to build what you want yourselves." This oncoming generation likes truth and facts straight from the shoulder, in which respect it inherits from many of its immediate seniors. Incidentally, I believe quite a lot of people in the 35–50 age-group would be glad to shift from the competition and mess of Europe, and be highly useful settlers, if the social benefits they 've paid towards can be translated overseas.

But I was saying that glittering prospects beyond the reality are not necessary. Let the Dominions open exclusive offices and pin up the types of people they can do with; and they should be taken on a combination of health, character and aptitude, and the less £ s. d. has to do with it, other than in the form of State grants, the better for the next attempt at planned settlement of the Commonwealth.

If it is going to be more difficult in some respects (industrialisation of the Dominions, less work to go round among those already there) than when failure crowned matters in the '20's, there is manifest truth in the assertion that no other condition in life stands to benefit more than the emigrant from the inventions and perfectings that have materialised since those days. Life in the big spaces and the raw countries can be transformed—nothing less—by such things as popular flying ("Home" and locally about), radio, ready-made housing, air-conditioning and refrigerators, by the Talkies, by community and recreation centres linked by motor roads. Not a doubt but that the life towards which the white world is moving is that which rests in the normal way on the Dominion lands.

As much should be an incentive to our planners that they may look at the matter not from the standpoints of profits and prestige, but of providing the highest content for the highest number. And if you say that is idealism, I say this charming epoch can do with some.

No rosy general picture can be drawn at this stage. The Dominions require men and women for industry, land and homes. They intend to give precedence to their own people who leave the Services and the war factories; maybe for six months, maybe for longer. But they appreciate that our men and women in the Forces and war work will be much readier to emigrate quickly upon demobilisation than after they have settled down for a year or so in this country.

The best prospect seems to be Australia, and I found that young fellow knew his stuff correctly. In particular, Australia will want surveyors and civil, railway, electrical and mechanical engineers. In flying, and all trades ancillary to it, chances will be of the brightest, while Australia is also going to need architects, surveyors who specialise in town-planning and men skilled in the building trades. We want the like at home too, but there you are: the task is to spare the men wanted, who will create the conditions of life capable of beginning to absorb those 500,000 a year until A.D. 2000.

That Australia is serious may be taken from Acting-Premier Forde, who says that if the Dominion doesn't build up her population, the country "might not be given a second chance." A second Australian, whose name I have mislaid, says this: "There are immense estates of choice land in Australia (and doubtless in the other Dominions also) which could be subdivided for closer settlement by British migrants, instead of being left in the hands of squatting dynasties." This same authority makes the important point that emigration planning has got to be national this time, which means that only after the emigrant's arrival can it be decided which part of the country can best use his or her qualifications.

As New Zealand tends to draw closer to her big neighbour, a good deal of the foregoing probably stands for this farthest Dominion too, already so enlightened and well-favoured. It certainly seems to stand for much of what South Africans have in mind, and this Dominion is already a favourite with migration-thinking people. But South Africa doesn't want any more British going out and being "sold pups"; doesn't want any more poor whites as a result. South Africa wants especially R.A.F. and Navy men, all kinds of professional and skilled men for development; and children. (They all want boys first.)

A fond hope is that the 7,000,000 natives will in the future require more of what the whites can produce than has been the case in the past.

Canada. Premier Drew, of Ontario, writes that the Dominion "will need a population of 25,000,000 to carry the overhead in transportation, education, highways, and, above all, the government." He believes that Canada has natural resources to support at least that number, and it would make the Dominion equivalent to the United States in population, relative to the amount of arable land in Canada. Scandinavians are wanted a close second to British. But other provinces are not so keen, and French Quebec is frankly against any more emigration, indefinitely.

Emigration looks like being a big Canadian issue both on the Dominion-provincial plane and that of the world at large. For do not let us forget that the new World Authority will, through the I.L.O., have much to say about emigration. This seems to be one of the reasons why strongly marked views are already signalled in the United States. Only 28,000 emigrants a year have been taken since 1934.

Emigration to the Colonial Empire is a problem apart, to be regulated from London. There is ground for hope in one aspect. Many new openings may be created if the policy of raising Africa's 45,000,000 natives, and making them literate, can be made to fructify. Yet there is already trouble about white settlers in Kenya, one of the few British regions where white women can remain healthy north of Rhodesia.

BRITISH WOMEN WHO HAVE MARRIED AMERICAN SOLDIERS AT "SCHOOL" IN LONDON

The English wives of American soldiers—many of them are London girls—are now learning about the country in which they will live after the war by attending meetings specially arranged for them at the Rainbow Club (run by the American Red Cross) in London. They are learning that the average American home does *not* include a marble swimming-pool or a film star's boudoir; that the drug store is something more than a chemist's shop; and that a "sewing bee" is a woman's meeting where one not only sews but also discusses all manner of subjects. These "basic American" classes are becoming very popular, and more and more wives are attending them. Above, Gordon Gaskill, a war correspondent with the American Army, is seen chatting to some of the newly-married English wives

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

GENERAL WINGATE'S
Last Operation in Burma
The Airborne Landing Behind the Japanese Lines at "Broadway" in the Heart of the Jungle

BEFORE THE AIRBORNE TROOPS TOOK OFF BY GLIDER : Major-General Orde Wingate (in pith helmet) gives the British and American officers their final briefing before the take-off. Colonel Phil Cochran, leader of the aerial "Cochran Circus," is on the extreme right. In a recent daring infiltration behind the Jap lines in Burma, the First Air Commando Force, under the leadership of Colonel Phil Cochran, of the U.S. Air Forces, landed men in gliders to construct an airfield in the heart of the jungle. They then transferred the troops of Major-General Orde Wingate to the field in transport planes. Named "Broadway," this field is some 200 miles east of Imphal, where the British and Japanese armies are now locked in battle. Enemy communications in the area have since been subjected to intensive harassing and disruption

JUST BEFORE TAKING OFF, General Wingate and Colonel Cochran have a final talk. The former has since been killed in an aeroplane crash, after success had been assured

BEFORE THE COMMANDO FORCE GLIDERS SET OFF, carrying men and equipment to build the field so that large "Chindit" forces could be landed by transport aircraft at "Broadway." The gliders are all lined up on the aerodrome, their long nylon tow-ropes stretched out along the ground

ON THE WAY TO A NIGHT LANDING in the heart of the Burmese jungle. A tow-plane and its glider pass over the Chin Hills, which form a natural barrier between Jap and Allied territory. After the gliders came numbers of big transport planes with the fighting troops

MEN AT WORK CLEARING THE FIELD AT "BROADWAY," so that the troop planes could land. These constructional engineers were landed first, by glider : they quickly hacked out a flat landing-ground, aided by the heavy equipment which also came by glider (some of the machines are seen at work in the background). The fighting troops followed later, being flown in by big transport aircraft

THE MEN WHO MADE THE WHOLE PROJECT PRACTICABLE : Here are some of the glider pilots and Air Commandos just before the take-off for "Broadway." Flight Officer Jackie Coogan (first man to land on the jungle airfield) is on the extreme right in the front row. Note the tommy-gun carried by one of the men and the camouflage suits worn by others

THE BIG GUNS IN ACTION AT ANZIO and the continuous tremendous expenditure of shells on special targets within the beachhead. The scene at a well-camouflaged battery of British "heavies" as they pump thousands of rounds into the enemy lines—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker* (See notes below)

FROM the FIGHTING AREAS in ITALY

Scenes from the Beachhead, the Cassino Front and Naples

A characteristic of the fighting on the Allied fronts has been the tremendous and growing weight of shell-fire employed. Not only is there almost continuous artillery duelling throughout the day, but there may occur intensifications of fire such as have occurred around Cassino's Monastery Hill. Advances of troops have been preceded by intensive poundings which have literally shaken the earth. In a preliminary bombardment of Monastery Hill, 5,000 shells were thrown against the enemy positions in a six-minute burst of firing. This impressed one correspondent as a fantastically costly expenditure of shells.

He commented that such an outburst "kills comparatively few of the enemy, but it does produce results." Again and again the enemy have been sufficiently shattered and blasted for our infantry to go forward and secure their immediate objectives. They go forward against men who for the time being are largely shell-shocked as the result of the weight of fire. "Bombardments on this scale undoubtedly justify themselves when, as at Alamein, they produce a clean and decisive break-through," he says. "But it is pertinent to enquire whether there is justification for the amount of shells used to batter down forward positions from which the enemy retires merely to establish himself again two or three miles back."

Intensity of artillery fire appears to be linked up with the very narrow fronts upon which much of the war's fighting has been done. Limited numbers have naturally had to seek terrain suitable to their means of offence and defence. Fronts have still been narrow, even when the numerical position has been balanced. In Italy large numbers of troops have continually been forced into funnels, so that the fighting has always been done by narrow, disproportionately small, formations—as at Cassino and Anzio.

Thus, a theory may emerge that fire-power has so increased in this war that broad continuous fronts, with millions of men all engaged on direct fighting with each other along the entire line, are physically impossible. To avoid such an intolerable strain the combatants instinctively or of design manœuvre themselves into positions where they face each other only on narrow fronts. It is as if a terrain is frequently deliberately chosen for the purpose

ART TREASURES ARE RECOVERED FROM A WRECKED ITALIAN CASTLE BY A.M.G.: A valuable tapestry being removed from Castelo Nunziata, near Cassino. The wrecked village of Mignano lies in the Cassino Valley: before they retreated from this area, the Germans mined it and then blew it up. Among the ruins was a castle owned by the Guinness family—the Castelo Nunziata—which contained many art treasures. Some of these were hidden away, but some were removed by the Nazis before they demolished village and castle. Now, under the supervision of A.M.G., excavations are going on and several priceless tapestries have already been salvaged. They have been transferred to Naples, where they will hang for a short time in the museum in that city. Each item of furniture, and each tapestry or picture, is first taken to the local Carabinieri office, checked by A.M.G., and then transferred to a place of safety

MOUNT VESUVIUS NOW PRESENTS A VERY DIFFERENT APPEARANCE SINCE ITS RECENT ERUPTION. This picture was taken by an R.A.F. photographer from an aircraft flying low over the volcano: it shows the changed shape of the crater as it appears to-day. All of the old summit crumbled away under the flow of lava during the eruption, leaving the circular summit depicted here. During the eruption—one of the most serious of recent years—a number of villages had to be evacuated, and they were swept away by the irresistible flow. Vesuvius has now quietened down, but smoke and steam are still issuing forth The crater now appears to be almost a perfect circle, with a very pronounced slope away from it on all sides

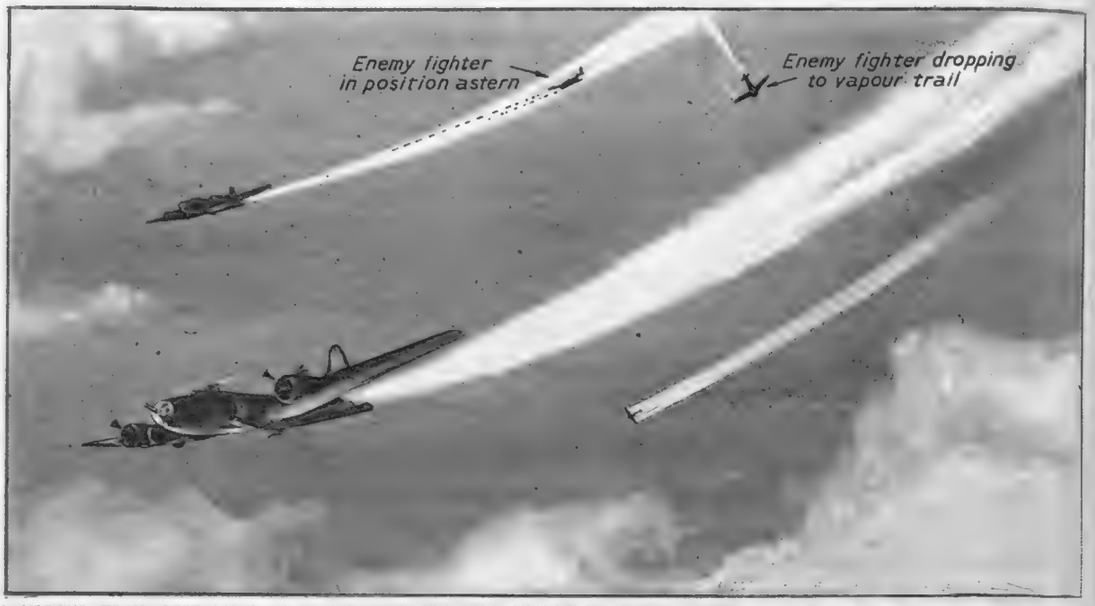
THE NAVY REFLOATS A MINESWEEPER IN THE DRY-DOCK AT NAPLES. The scene after the dock had been pumped out, showing the minesweeper and part of a barge

When the Allies took stock after the capture of the port of Naples, they found that a 250-ft. dry-dock was completely useless. The dock gates had been destroyed and completely submerged: on the bottom were a 300-ton Italian auxiliary minesweeper, a 60-ton schooner and a 150-ton steel barge. The Royal Navy then got busy: a dock gate weighing 150 tons was built and placed in position. Eight days after it had been installed the schooner and barge were removed, and the minesweeper had been repaired so that it would refloat when the dock was again flooded. Later the minesweeper was removed to another part of the harbour so that further work on it could be carried out

THE WAR BY AIR

Drawings and Photographs of Flying Operations Over Europe and in the Indian Ocean

Vapour trails look most fascinating to the observer on the ground. The light plumes are caused only at considerable heights and during certain atmospheric conditions. To the pilot of the aircraft up above, the vapour trail may be anything but welcome, however, as it may well betray his presence to lurking enemy fighters waiting to pounce on the daylight invaders of the Nazi skies. Normally, the big American bombers fly over Germany in solid formations which can defy the guns and rocket-shells of the Nazis: but frequently formations are broken up during heavy air battles. It is then that the straggler can be spotted. Diving for the distant vapour trail, the fighter can follow it down until his quarry comes into sight. The single-seater then has the advantage, owing to its greater speed and manœuvrability—although the terrific fire-power of even a single Flying Fortress or Liberator is still a very great menace to an attacker. Usually, the distinctive vapour trails depicted in the drawing on the right do not become visible under 15,000 or 20,000 ft.



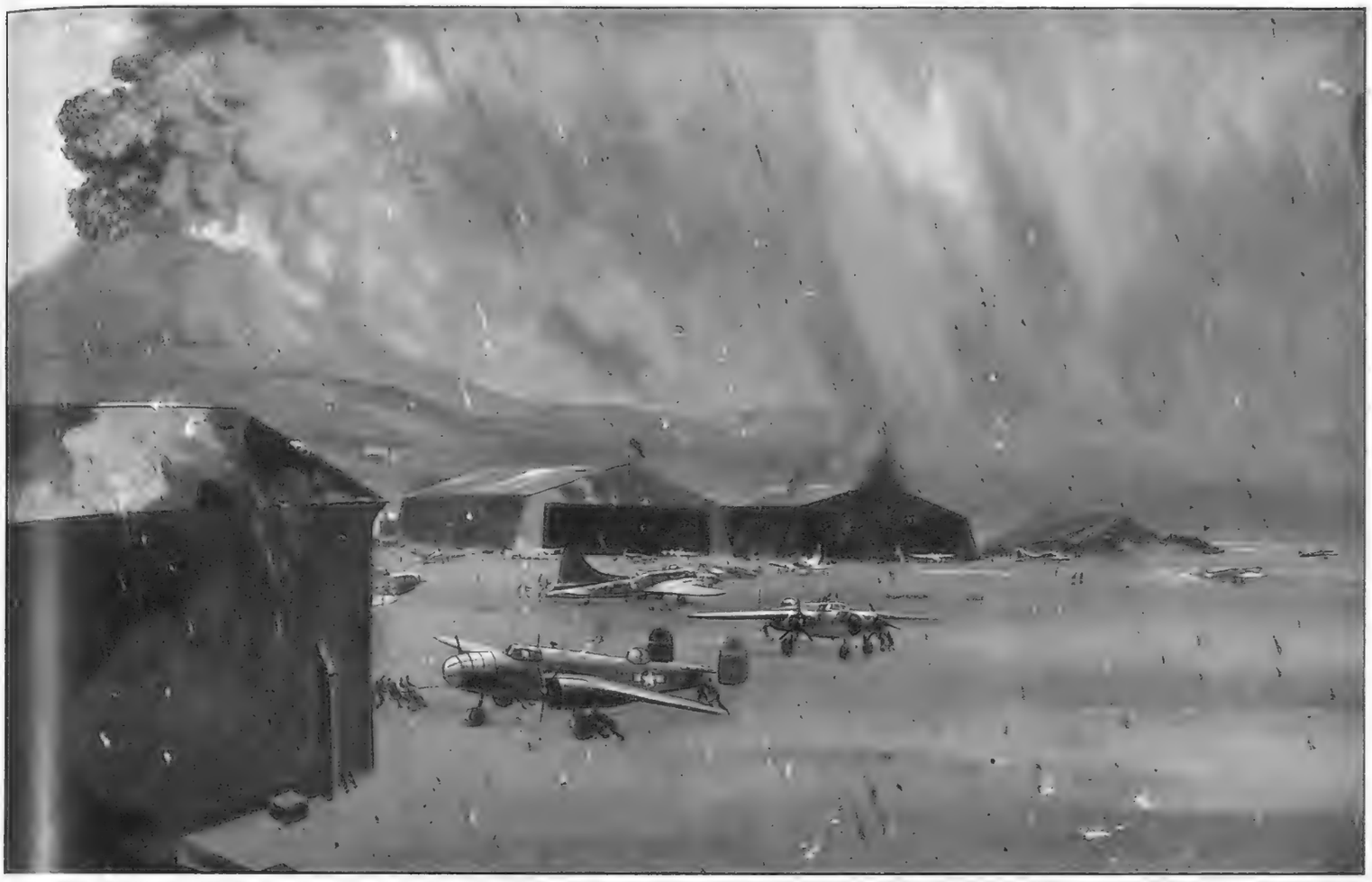
A VAPOUR TRAIL LEFT BY A BIG BOMBER HELPS THE ATTACKING NAZI FIGHTERS by leading the pilot straight on to his target. These trails can be seen in daylight for a considerable distance by fighters flying at a higher level and thus create an additional hazard for the bomber.—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

AFTER THE RAID: A slightly wounded American waist-gunner is led from his plane by a surgeon (on right). He had just come back from an attack on German airfields in the Munich area, carried out on April 24 by the Eighth U.S. Air Force

BRINGING IN A CRIPPLED BOMBER TO A SAFE LANDING: The scene is a station of the American Ninth Air Force in England. The aircraft is a B-26 Marauder medium bomber. It has just been on a mission to a Nazi target in France. Flak shot out the port engine, but the pilot feathered his propeller and flew back more than 100 miles to make a safe landing at his base. The same pilot has since been listed as "missing in action"

STAFF SERGEANT HOM JIM, Chinese-American tail-gunner on the Liberator "Patsy Ann II," brings out some of his equipment from the plane immediately after its return from the large-scale daylight attack on Berlin on April 29. Vicious enemy fighter attacks were made on the U.S. planes during the course of this raid. Sergeant Jim comes from New York City

THE RED AIR FORCE AT WORK ON THE EASTERN FRONT: Petlyakov II dive-bombers carrying out a mission over the flat Russian plains. During the temporary lull on the Russian fronts, the Red Air Force has greatly increased its activity. Especially in the Black Sea area, sorties have continually been made to intercept and bomb the German attempts to stage a "Dunkirk" from Sebastopol. In fifteen days, the Soviet Black Sea Air Force sank sixty-one vessels—twenty-four of them transports—totalling more than 55,000 tons, as well as a large number of barges and smaller craft. The Petlyakov II dive-bombers, seen in the above picture, are the most widely-used reconnaissance aircraft now in service with the Soviet Air Force: this type carries a crew of from three to four, and it can also accommodate a load of 1,300 lb. of bombs



A STRANGE INTERLUDE FOR THE GROUND STAFFS DURING THE RECENT ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS. Allied aerodromes around Naples suffer losses in aircraft owing to the falling ash and cinders from the active volcano—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

As a result of the eruption of Vesuvius, some seventy aircraft stationed on aerodromes in the vicinity of the volcano were damaged, it was recently announced from Italy. The dust, ashes and rock which were thrown up from the crater prevented the removal of the planes from the danger area; there were no casualties to the R.A.F. and Allied personnel, and air operations were not appreciably affected. Over half the number of aircraft affected are being repaired, and twenty of them were flying on combat duties within a few days. Altogether it was a very unique experience! In the drawing above, the two planes in the foreground are Mitchells; behind these is a Fortress; at the back are fighters. To the right, Spitfires are taking off from the aerodrome to find a home outside the danger area, despite the rain of hot ash and cinders from the belching volcano

WHEN THE BRITISH NAVY DELIVERED ITS FIRST BLOW AT THE JAPANESE FROM THE INDIAN OCEAN. The aircraft which raided Sabang, in Sumatra, leaving their carriers at dawn as the big fleet all turned into wind simultaneously—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

When the British squadron (which also included American, French and Dutch warships) set out from Ceylon for Sabang, its destination was not disclosed to the men taking part until some days had elapsed. The fleet was not spotted by the enemy, and Catalina flying-boats swung constantly overhead for its protection night and day. As the time of the take-off approached, "the whole carrier fleet turned into wind. One after the other the planes took off into a tropical sunrise." Seven o'clock was zero hour: soon afterwards came the news of the success of the operation. The artist, in the drawing above, has depicted the moment at dawn. From the decks of the big carriers the three types employed for the main task are seen rising into the early-morning skies—Douglas Dauntless, Avenger and Barracuda bombers. These were escorted to the targets by Hellcat and Corsair fighters, also borne by the Carrier Fleet

THE AIR ASSAULT ON EUROPE

The "Pin-point" Success at The Hague and the Work of the Big Bombers in Yugoslavia and over Berlin

Wellington night bombers of the Strategic Air Force, with R.A.F. crews and escorted by Spitfire fighters of the Coastal Air Force, made a successful daylight attack on April 18 on the Nazi fortified town of Niksic, in Yugoslavia, in direct support of the Partisan forces of Marshal Tito. Niksic is about 40 miles east of the coastal town of Dubrovnik, and about 100 miles south of Sarajevo. The surprise was complete: no enemy aircraft were sighted and but one burst of flak was seen. Enemy installations were effectively pounded.

The assault was the first daylight mission ever carried out by Wellingtons in the Mediterranean theatre. These bombers are built for unescorted night attacks, and their pilots are used to carrying their bomb-loads through darkness on to flare-lighted targets.

The picture reproduced on the right shows the town during the attack. The German troops were concentrated in Niksic in well-fortified positions. Each Wellington carried a 4,000-pounder, and the bombing was so accurate that only two fell outside the town. Interpretation of the reconnaissance pictures has revealed that at least 50 per cent. of the buildings of the town were either damaged or destroyed; and one big building, which it is believed was in use by the Germans as their Military Headquarters, was badly damaged by a near miss

THE FIRST DAYLIGHT ATTACK BY WELLINGTONS OF THE R.A.F. IN SUPPORT OF MARSHAL TITO IN THE BALKANS: Niksic, near Dubrovnik, is heavily bombed, and clouds of smoke and dust are here seen rising as the 4,000-pounder bombs burst in and around the heart of the town—*(See notes at left)*

OVER BERLIN BY DAYLIGHT ON APRIL 29. The scene above the famous Tempelhof Airport. Large forces of the American Eighth Air Force attacked the German capital in a great daylight assault on April 29. The bombers taking part were B-24 Liberators and B-17 Flying Fortresses: they pursued their tasks under an umbrella of fighter cover. In the upper right-hand corner, clouds of black smoke are seen rising from direct hits on the Tempelhof railway marshalling yards, the largest in Berlin. Below this, bursts can also be seen on the Anhalter Railway Station and tracks; to the right and slightly below Anhalter, the new large Nazi Air Ministry buildings in the very heart of Berlin can be seen under a heavy concentration of bombs. The Tempelhof Airport is the large circular area at the top of the picture

A FLYING FORTRESS PAYS THE PRICE: Caught by anti-aircraft fire on its bomb-run over Nish, in Yugoslavia, during the heavy daylight attack carried out by American heavy bombers on April 15, the Fortress has burst into flames and is beginning to disintegrate. This picture was taken from another aircraft in the formation; the starboard wing is breaking between the engines, the wing's entire underside and much of the upper side are in flames, and the fuselage aft of the wings is burning. The tail section has already broken up. It is not known whether the bombs were dropped, and no parachutes were observed by other pilots in the formation to leave the stricken plane

AN AMERICAN AIR ASSAULT ON BELGRADE: Huge clouds of smoke mushroom out and cover the target area at the marshalling yards on April 17 when Flying Fortresses from Italy attacked the Yugoslav capital. Hits were scored on a warehouse and train sheds at the north end of the station. Rolling-stock was heavily damaged, and all tracks entering the yard from the south were probably destroyed. Key points in the Balkans are now being regularly attacked by the Allied Air Forces in the Mediterranean

THE "SECRET" TARGET AT THE HAGUE IS ATTACKED BY MOSQUITO AIRCRAFT: A PICTURE TAKEN FROM ONE OF THE ATTACKING PLANES. The target area is here enveloped in smoke from bombs dropped by the Mosquitoes. In the background can be seen the tower of the Peace Palace. The extremely low height from which the attack was carried out may be gauged from this picture

MOSQUITOES OVER THE HAGUE BY DAYLIGHT

By pin-pointing, attacking and destroying one particular building in The Hague, R.A.F. Mosquitoes of the Second Tactical Air Force carried out one of the most brilliant and spectacular attacks of low-level precision bombing of the war.

The target was a building in the Scheveningsche Weg, near its junction with Carnegie Plein in the vicinity of the Peace Palace. The building contained many thousands of documents of paramount importance to the German authorities. This building is now a blackened ruin, and the documents destroyed.

The Mosquitoes were led by Wing-Commander R. N. Bateson, D.S.O., D.F.C. (of Washington, Sussex). At house-top level, the Mosquitoes skimmed in to the attack, and the leader's bombs (to use the words of one of the Mosquito pilots) "went right in at the front door." A sentry on duty at the door of the building threw away his rifle and dashed for safety. Other Mosquito pilots in the attack dropped delayed-action H.E.s and incendiaries.

One bomb fell wide of the house and hit a German barracks. A parade was in progress in these barracks behind the target, and some sort of game was in progress. When the men saw the R.A.F. planes approaching, they scattered in all directions. A reconnaissance photograph taken after the attack showed that the target building had been reduced to rubble, while neighbouring buildings and houses were untouched.

A RECONNAISSANCE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OVER THE HAGUE ON THE DAY FOLLOWING THE ATTACK. The target, in the right-hand corner, is seen to be completely obliterated. In the bottom left-hand corner can be seen the German barracks, where one of the bombs from the attacking Mosquitoes landed. Slight damage was caused to buildings immediately behind the actual target, but other buildings across the street are undamaged. The story of this exploit was told in a dramatic B.B.C. broadcast by the leader of the attacking Mosquito formation—*(See notes at left)*

ROYAL NAVY and DOMINIONS NAVIES

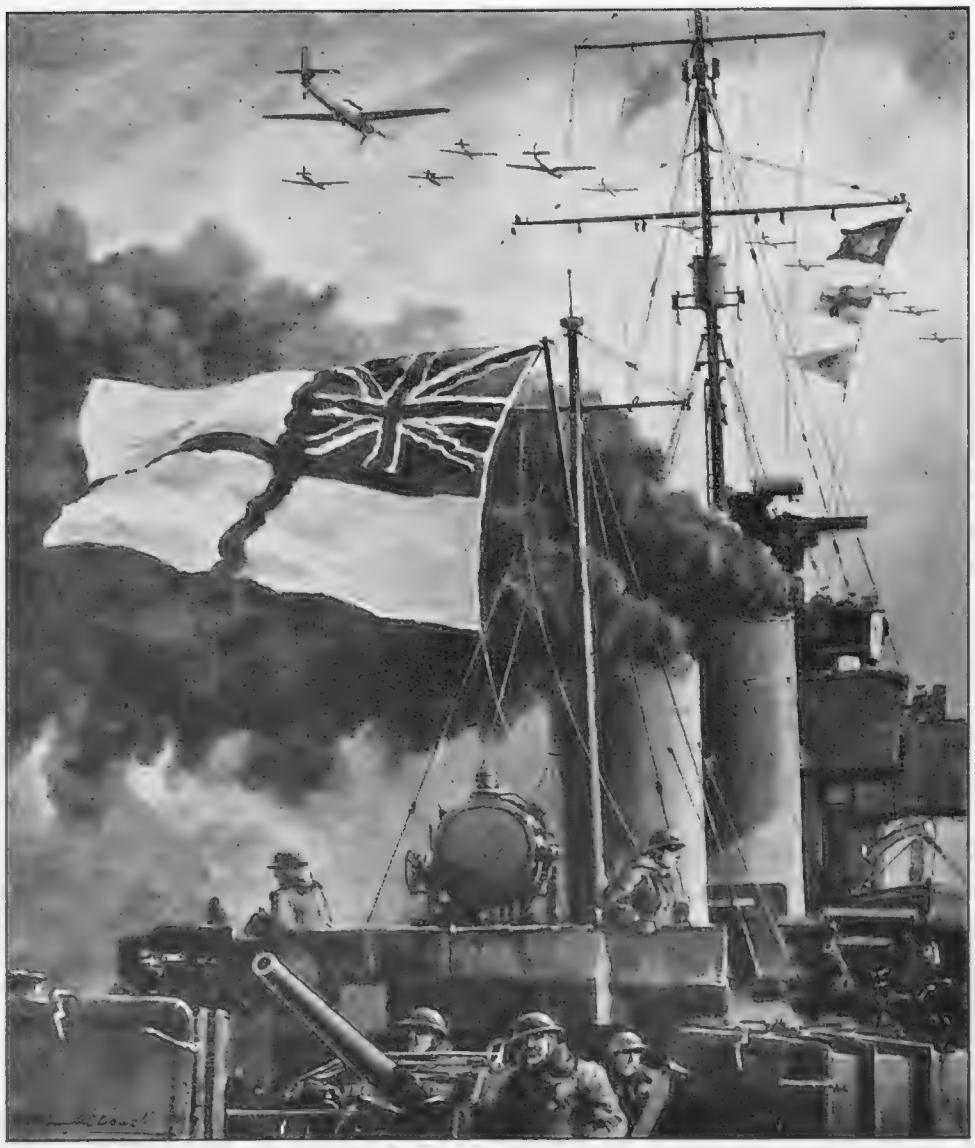
Some New Pictures of Their Wartime Activities

On right—The White Ensign is the distinguishing flag of the Royal Navy: it is worn by all his Majesty's ships of war in commission. The Ensign consists of the original banner of St. George—a red cross on a white ground with the Union Jack in the upper canton (i.e., in the top quarter nearest the staff).

Until 1864 three different ensigns were in use in the Navy—the Red, the White and the Blue. These were used solely to signify the different divisions of the Fleet, being worn in addition to the national flag.

As a variety of ensigns much increases the danger of confusion in action, it is interesting to note that in order to prevent that confusion, Lord Nelson, on going into action at Trafalgar, ordered the whole of his Fleet to hoist the White Ensign, and it was under that flag that the great victory was won.

The White Ensign may also be worn by Royal Warrant on the Trinity House yacht when leading the Admiralty and Royal yachts during a review of the Fleet or when escorting the Sovereign at sea. Permission to wear it is a much-prized privilege granted also to the Royal Yacht Squadron



"IN A WORLD OF CONFUSION AND RUIN THE OLD FLAG STILL FLIES"—*Mr. Winston Churchill in the House of Commons on April 21, 1944*

Flapping in the breeze and outlined sharply against the smoke-screen from a destroyer's funnels, the White Ensign of the Royal Navy dominates the seas—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell, as a tribute to all ranks who will take part in the coming Invasion of Europe*

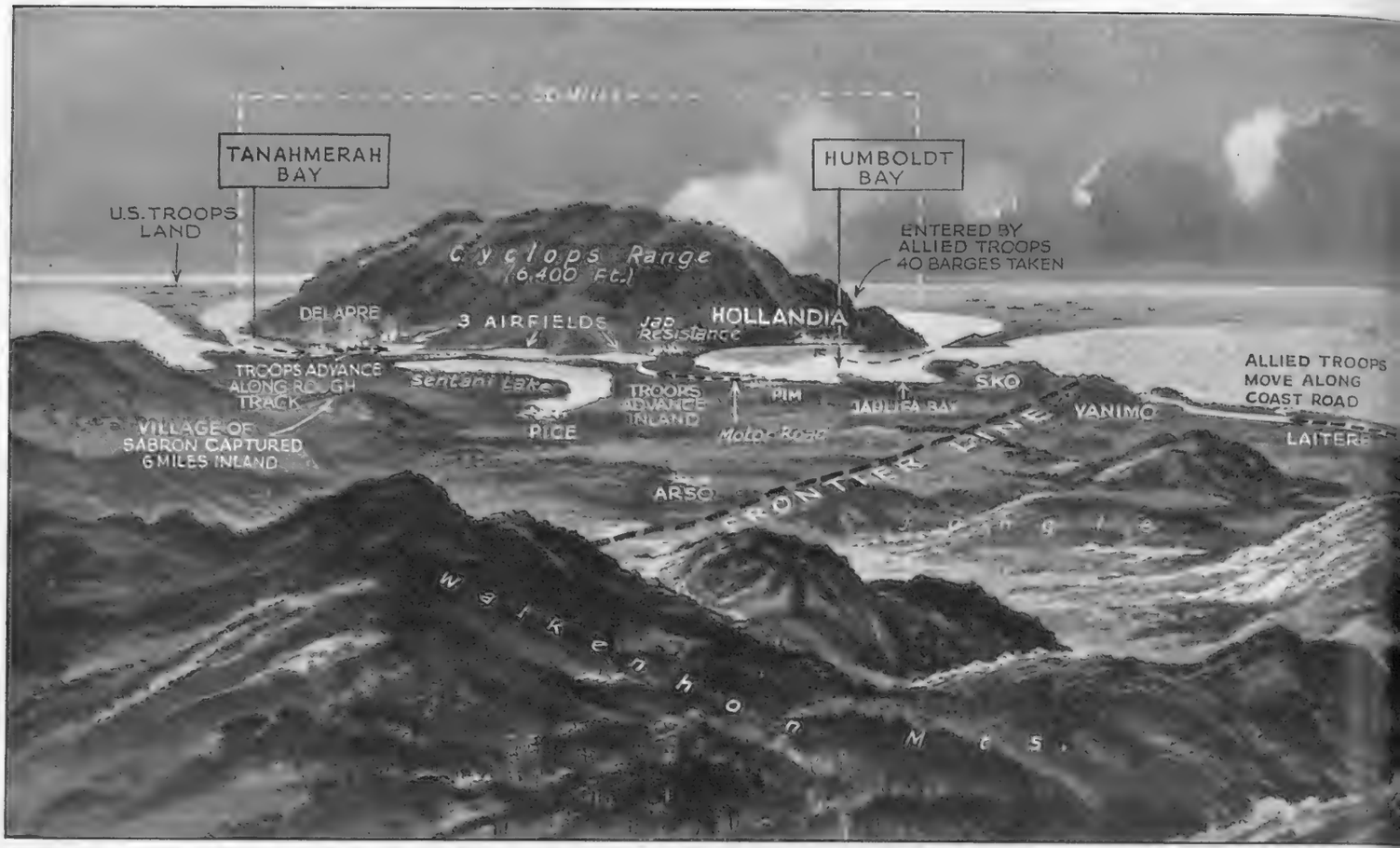
A SHIP OF MANY CHANGES: The Canadian ex-liner and ex-auxiliary "Prince David," which has again been completely converted—this time into a "fortress ship" equipped with special machinery for the coming Invasion—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Originally the *North Star*, a passenger liner, this ship was converted into an armed merchant cruiser earlier in the war. Now she has become an "Invasion Special," with davits to carry landing craft. She was built in this country in 1930, by Cammell, Laird, as one of a class of three. Her length is 385 ft. and her beam 57 ft.: she carries a complement of 241 and has a speed of 24 knots Little now remains of the former elegant liner except her fine sweeping lines: all the deck space has been swallowed up by massive davits and heavy hoisting machinery; below are long mess-decks where the fighting men will sleep and feed. Formerly painted in glistening white, H.M.C.S *Prince David* for war purposes now appears in dull grey paint with a strangely futuristic camouflage scheme

A PERFECT SPRING DAY IN THE CHANNEL: THE CHANGE-OVER IN THE ROYAL NAVY FROM THE RIGOURS OF WINTER TO THE MILDER CONDITIONS OF SPRING: In last week's issue we published a drawing by Mr. Montague Dawson showing the wintry conditions in the North Atlantic under which our escort vessels have been carrying out their work during recent months: these conditions are now giving place to the more pleasant skies and smoother seas of spring. The vessel above is a British cruiser of the Mauritius class of 8,000 tons: she is passing down-Channel on her way out to Eastern waters. All the ships of this class are of modern construction, being completed in 1940 to 1942: they have a length of 549 ft. and a beam of 62 ft. They are armed with twelve 6-in. and eight 4-in. anti-aircraft guns, and sixteen smaller weapons: each cruiser carries three aircraft on board

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST HOME-BUILT FRIGATE: H.M.A.S. "Gascoyne," with Sydney Harbour Bridge in the background. The big naval shipbuilding programme now being carried out in the Commonwealth is a feature of Australia's contribution to the war effort of the United Nations

The commissioning of Australian-built frigates marks the latest phase in Australia's wartime shipbuilding programme—a programme which has already increased the Royal Australian Navy's strength by more than the total tonnage with which this oldest of the Dominion navies entered the first world war. Despite its losses in this war, the Royal Australian Navy to-day musters a displacement tonnage more than double the total of September 1939, and most of the new ships have been built in Australian shipyards. The Australian Navy, whose ships and men are serving in every theatre of the war, commenced hostilities with six cruisers, five destroyers, two escort vessels and one boom vessel in commission. At that time, too, Australia had only one shipyard in operation. Now, all six Australian States are contributing directly to the shipbuilding programme, with cities and towns a hundred or more miles from the sea making vital components. The opening phase of the new programme was devoted largely to the construction of Australian minesweeping vessels. Australia has constructed some for the Royal Navy and the Royal Indian Navy, as well as for herself. In addition, she is building Tribal class destroyers, frigates, boom-defence vessels, fast patrol boats, and a host of smaller craft. The list does not include thousands of assault craft, for Australian and American forces in the Pacific, nor the 9,000-ton merchant ships now under construction for the Australian Shipbuilding Board



DUTCH NEW GUINEA ENTERED BY THE ALLIED FORCES UNDER GENERAL MacARTHUR. Where the attacks were made, and where the three airfields occupied by th quickly put into shape again and are now being used by Allied aircraft during further operations. The above drawing which shows the Humboldt Bay area, the principa Tanahmerah Bay region—both of which are now in our hands—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert* *(See notes below)*

WARFARE IN THE PACIFIC

The Successful Invasion of Dutch New Guinea and the Landings at Hollandia

—Specially Illustrated and Described

In a campaign of six days, General MacArthur's forces have wiped out the Japanese at Hollandia, in Dutch New Guinea, and have occupied the three airfields there, which have already been put into active operation. The enemy has broken up into disorganised groups, fleeing inland, among the hills and jungles, leaving the Allies in undisputed occupation of the whole area.

A most impressive attacking force arrived in the neighbourhood of Hollandia (200 miles west of Wewak) during the night of April 21. The U.S. Pacific Fleet, with heavy and light cruisers and destroyers, accompanied by aircraft-carriers, lay off the coast, and at early dawn on Saturday, the 22nd, opened fire upon the three landing-places which had been selected. Bombers and fighters circled overhead as the assault craft, in succeeding waves, rushed for the shore. The main landing was at the wide Humboldt Bay, on which the small township of Hollandia is situated. Thirty miles to the west, separated by a mountainous headland covered by the Cyclops Mountains, rising to 7,000 ft., lies Tanahmerah Bay, where the second landing took place. Behind the mass of the Cyclops Mountains, on the edge of low-lying, swampy area, three important airfields were situated. The third landing was at Aitape, midway between Wewak and Hollandia.

The landings came as a complete surprise to the enemy, and little opposition was offered. At Aitape the Japanese were enjoying a pleasant rest place, with Japanese labourers to do the heavy work. They were living in bamboo huts with neat gardens, and obviously had plenty of food. The adjoining airfield at Tadji was immediately seized, and within six hours made ready for use, work being carried on during the night by the aid of searchlights. General MacArthur, who had accompanied the expedition, came ashore, and visited the airfield, where craters had been filled, and planes already arriving and taking off. The Allied troops set off along the good coastal road to the west, towards Humboldt Bay, to join up with the forces landed there, and then to make for the three airfields behind the Cyclops Mountains.

No opposition was met at Humboldt Bay as the landing-craft reached the shores of Jaulifa Bay, finding land-mines or fixed beach defences. Field-artillery and A.-A. guns quickly followed the troops and the beachhead was established. The village of Pim was occupied, and then the whole area of Humboldt Bay, with the township of Hollandia, where much booty was discovered. The troops then set off along the road towards the airfields to join up with the landing force from Tanahmerah Bay. They expected to meet the main resistance from the enemy round about the airfields, and came into the first contact with the Japanese, who had retired among the wooded hillside. Here they had the only sharp encounter with the enemy, who attacked with grenades and machine-guns during the night. After suffering heavy losses, the Japs fled just before dawn.

Meanwhile, the landing had taken place at Tanahmerah Bay, also without meeting opposition. At Delapre, a fishing village at the corne of the bay, they found the place deserted, though the village school had the lessons chalked up o the board for the day. The natives had rushe into hiding when the bombardment began. Th good road from Aitape to the airfields had no been extended to Tanahmerah Bay, and the troop found it heavier going as they pushed eastwar towards the Hollandia airfield. There was n air resistance at all, though these three airfield had been an important air base for the enemy growing in strength after Wewak had suffere from such heavy punishment by the Allie bombers. Cyclops and Santani fell to th Americans first, and then on Thursday, April 27 the Hollandia airfield was occupied and a organised resistance was at an end.

It then became obvious that the enemy ha been completely deceived as to the Allied plans thinking that Wewak would be attacked first The Japanese Marines, 3,000 strong, had bee moved from Hollandia to strengthen Wewak leaving only operational troops who could no face the powerful Allied force. A detachmen of fighting troops was on its way back to Hum boldt Bay when it was encountered by the Allie and overwhelmed. It is not known exactly ho many Japanese troops now remain in Ne Guinea, but however many there are, they a now confined to the area around Wewak, wit Allied forces to east and west of them, and wit the sea commanded by the ships of the Allie Navy and the aircraft of the Allied Air Force

A KEY MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF HOLLANDIA, 200 miles to the north-west of Wewak, principal Jap base on the north coast of New Guinea

PEACE AFTER STORM: The new U.S. base on captured Tarawa Island. Tents and quonset huts are set up between the tropical trees by the American forces who wrested this Gilbert island from the Japanese after some of the heaviest fighting in the whole Pacific. After the bombardment of a powerful Task Force had shattered the enemy's installations, U.S. marines captured the island in a three-day battle, and then proceeded to clean up the shambles and put the island to use as an Allied base for further offensive operations against the Japs in the Pacific

Japs were captured: these were town of which is Hollandia, and the

A GROUP OF PACIFIC ISLANDS: The cluster of thickly-covered islets around Kolombangara, in the Central Solomons, where conditions are still of the most primitive kind

WHAT THE JAPS DID TO SOME OF THE MARSHALLS. Roi Island on the left; Namur Island on the right—both heavily fortified

The ISLANDS and the ATOLLS

What They Are and How They Are Built

What most people want to know about the Marshall, Caroline and other groups is not so much the bald information obtainable from geography books as the intimate detail of close, personal acquaintance.

Briefly, an island in the Marshall and Caroline groups is either a submarine mountain peeping above the surface of the sea, or an accretion of coral built upon a completely submerged mountain and protruding above the surface. An atoll, on the other hand, is a number of such islands in a lagoon surrounded by a coral-reef. Approaching a large atoll, one first encounters the outer reef with surf breaking on it. Sometimes the reef is visible and sometimes not. In the Marshalls, where the atolls extend no more than a few feet above sea-level, the encircling reefs are often awash, and in rough weather appear submerged. In the Carolines—higher islands—reefs can appear as ramparts, the width of a motor road, and Truk possesses the largest in the world, sometimes 50 yards wide, though narrowing in places to a few feet. The Truk reef is sufficiently substantial to carry heavy gun emplacements and blockhouses, mounted to guard the openings.

When one gets inside the great lagoon, the water is instantly smooth, being rarely as much as 30 fathoms deep and perfectly sheltered, whereas the ocean outside goes down to 2,500 fathoms sharply. The anchorages may be several miles across the lagoon. The islands of Truk lie about five miles inside, and two of them are ten miles from the reef entrance. It is likely that another reef, or shelf, around the island may be encountered, erected by the coral insects, especially around the rocky islands which are mountain-tops. This applies increasingly as one goes westwards along the groups of islands. Most of the Marshalls have no interior reefs. One comes to bright sand right away. But the Carolines and Pelews often possess the double protection, though these interior reefs frequently give access to interior lagoons—the good havens mentioned by correspondents.

Devil-fish, or giant rays, sometimes 22 ft. across and 15 ft. long, but not dangerous, are often encountered; as are giant sharks, which are very dangerous; the world's largest octopuses, capable of crushing a four-gallon drum of oil with their tentacles; great dugongs, or sea-cows, harmless and most edible; big green turtles, for soup, little hawksbill turtles for tortoise-shell, massive loggerhead turtles, poisonous to eat, all dragging their clumsy bodies over the beaches, heading for the loose, dry sand above high-water mark, leaving trails like tractors; poisonous sea- and land-crabs and merely decorative varieties; scorpions, irritating sand-flies and similar insects, but, most dangerous of all, the mosquitoes.

Most of the Marshalls are low-lying, but as soon as the Carolines are approached to the west some of the islands become quite mountainous. The first is Ponape, where a lost race has erected great monoliths that still puzzle archæologists. Then the vast lagoon of Truk, like another Rio de Janeiro, contains many islands which are extinct volcanoes formed of basalt, running up to 1,500-ft. from sea-level. The rough, volcanic nature of much of the land surface in Truk is most uncomfortable and make it difficult to construct airfields.

The vegetation also becomes increasingly varied as the traveller goes west. The Marshalls have chiefly palms and scrub, with the kind of grass that binds sand. The larger islands of the Carolines, Pelews and Ladrones are sometimes heavy green, with a bewildering variety of tropical growth, many kinds of palm, primæval forests with trees big enough to make fine canoes, lace-like ferns and creepers and lianas, horrid mangrove swamps. Frangipani, hibiscus and sweet ginger will often add fragrance and colour to such a scene. The Japanese have encouraged the cultivation of sugar and such fruit as bananas.

WHAT TO EXPECT AMONGST THE ISLANDS AND ATOLLS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN. This drawing shows the aspect of the volcanic islands which abound in these waters; how they are fringed with outer and inner reefs; and the vegetation and animals to be found. This is the region in which typhoons are born!

Drawing by B. C. Wood (See notes above)

DEVICES OF WAR

Details of Some New Appliances Being Used by the Allies and by the Enemy.

—With Some Information about the Powerful British Churchill Tank

On right—**"Flying Flossie" in mid-air**

"Flying Flossie" has no motors, wings or propellers. She is not streamlined and she is certainly not built for comfort. She is unique. "Flying Flossie" has been in commission for some months and has made many successful operational flights. She is, in fact, a steel water-tank on wheels, and is used to test the aircraft catapults in H.M. warships before they are used to launch "live" aircraft. She can be filled with water to a desired weight, so that the conditions of launching for different types of Naval aircraft can be accurately reproduced.

"Flying Flossie's" operational range is strictly limited. Projected from the catapult at speeds of up to 70 miles an hour, she crashes into the sea after a short flight and is then recovered by a tug and taken back on board for another launch. She has been seen to carry out a half-roll to starboard, a short climb and then a tail slide. "Flossie" is like that.

After she has completed her part of the trials a dummy aircraft takes over. Its operation flying days are long past, and it is now loaded with concrete instead of an engine. "Concrete Charlie" is launched as a final test of the catapult. Not until all these trials have been carried out is a catapult used for launching a "live" aircraft

"FLYING FLOSSIE," THE STRANGEST AIRCRAFT OPERATING WITH THE ROYAL NAVY. She is a steel water-tank on wheels, used to test the catapults in H.M. warships before they launch "live" aircraft. In this picture the tank is seen in actual flight—(*See notes at left*)

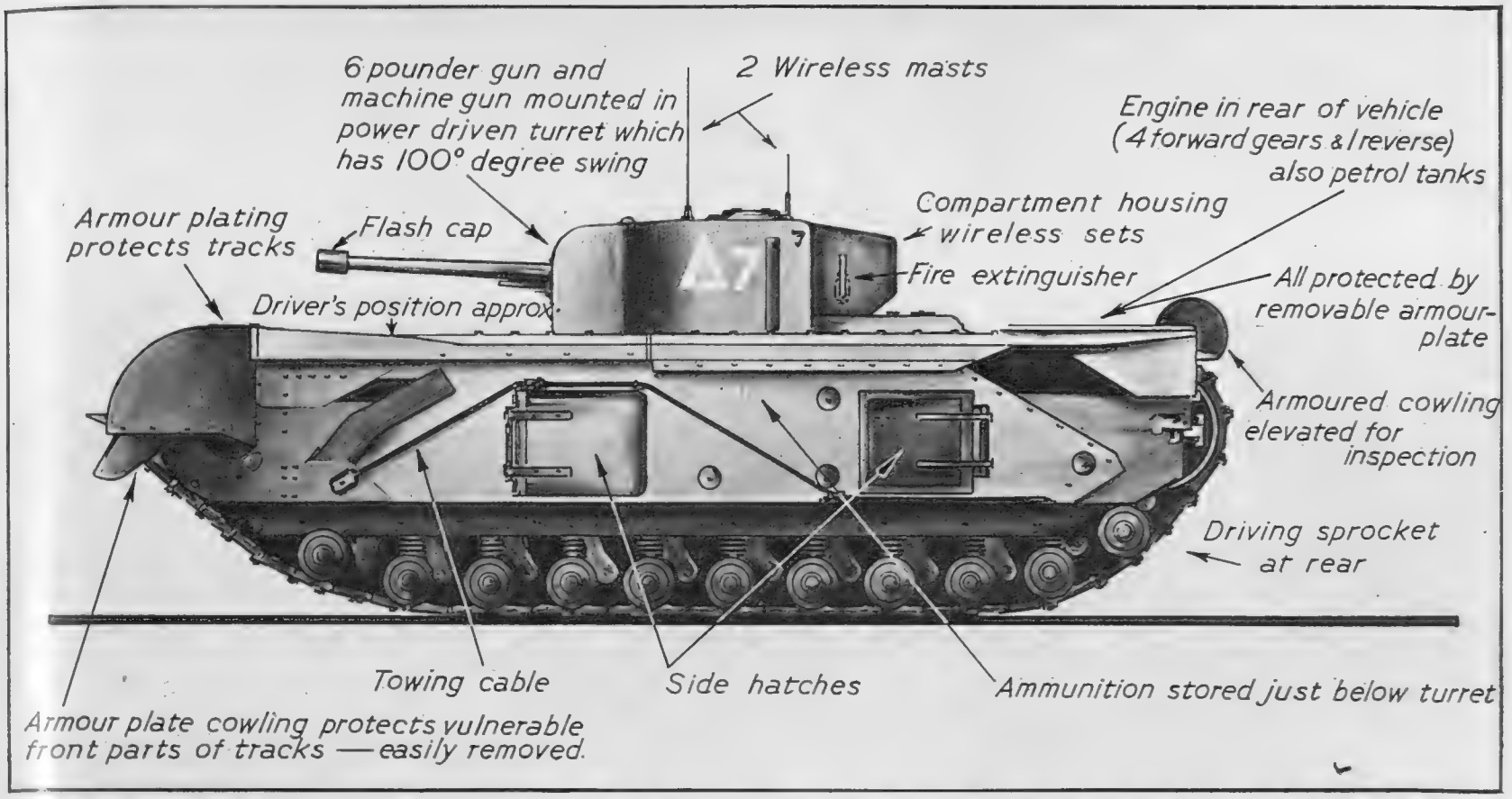
THE NAZIS HAVE A NEW-TYPE MINE IN ITALY: A German detachment carrying wooden-boxed land-mines near Nettuno. The wood covering is supposed to defy detection by electro-magnetic devices

The Nazi practice of laying mines to impede the Allied advances in Italy now includes the wooden-box mine shown in the two pictures reproduced here. It is claimed that these cannot be detected by the electro-magnetic device used by the Allies in this theatre of war. The mine consists of a small wooden box in which is placed a half-pound block of TNT. A detonator is placed through a hole in the front of the box, and the firing-pin is set. The lid is partially closed, a small twig preventing it from closing tightly. When the twig is disturbed the box closes, knocking out the pin and firing the detonator. The picture on the left shows how the mines are carried by the Nazis: that on the right shows how they are rendered ineffective after discovery

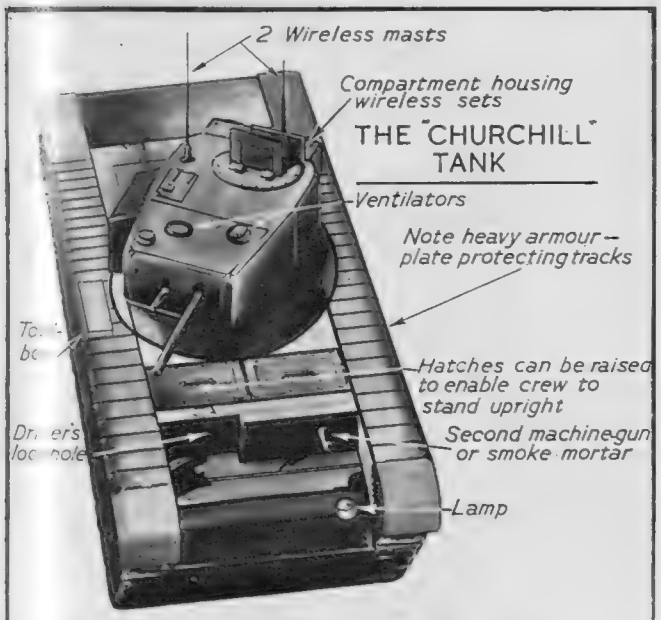
THE SMALL WOODEN BOX in which is placed a half-pound block of TNT. This mine was found on the Rapido River front

A NEW STUDY OF THE REAR GUNNER IN A BRITISH LANCASTER. The aircraft is "D for Dog," which, amongst other flights, took part in Bomber Command's recent offensive against French rail targets. A crew of seven is carried by the Lancasters: of these the rear gunner—"Tail-end Charlie"—is an important member. To him falls the task of beating off enemy night-fighters who might attack from the stern. The four guns seen in this picture are power-operated

THE FLYING ARMADA—The cannon-carrying Mitchell bomber, now being used in the Pacific war. Some time ago it was announced that the American B-25 Mitchell was being employed against enemy shipping in the Pacific with great success. It is now known that the reason for this success is the 75-mm. cannon which has been installed in the nose of the aircraft. The Mitchell, in fact, is the most powerfully armed bomber in the world. It carries fourteen ·50-calibre machine-guns, in addition to the 75-mm. gun. In all, there are four fixed guns and the cannon in the nose, two guns in the "waist," two upper-turret guns and two tail guns—with a new innovation, the four "package" guns placed outside and just below the pilot's cockpit as indicated in the above picture



THE MASSIVE "CHURCHILL" TANK AND THE PRINCIPAL FEATURES OF ITS CONSTRUCTION. This armoured fighting vehicle has been one of the successes of the war on many fronts—despite recent criticism in the House of Commons—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*



AN OVERHEAD VIEW OF THE "CHURCHILL," showing the great gun turret from above and the position of the various hatches (closed during action)—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

THE STRENGTH OF THE "CHURCHILL" TANK

No British tank of this war has had its secrets so carefully guarded in the past as the A22, or "Churchill," with the result that, on the one hand, expectations have been raised high as to its performance, and on the other hand critics have been given material for doubt.

Meanwhile, the facts that have been issued can be laid out in diagrammatic form. The tank gives the impression of colossal power and solidarity, but, at the same time, having regard to its weight, it is very manœuvrable. It is known as an infantry tank and is used in close co-operation with the infantry. The tank weighs approximately 35 tons, is powered by a Bedford engine developing 350 b.h.p., and the vehicle has a speed of about 12-15 m.p.h.

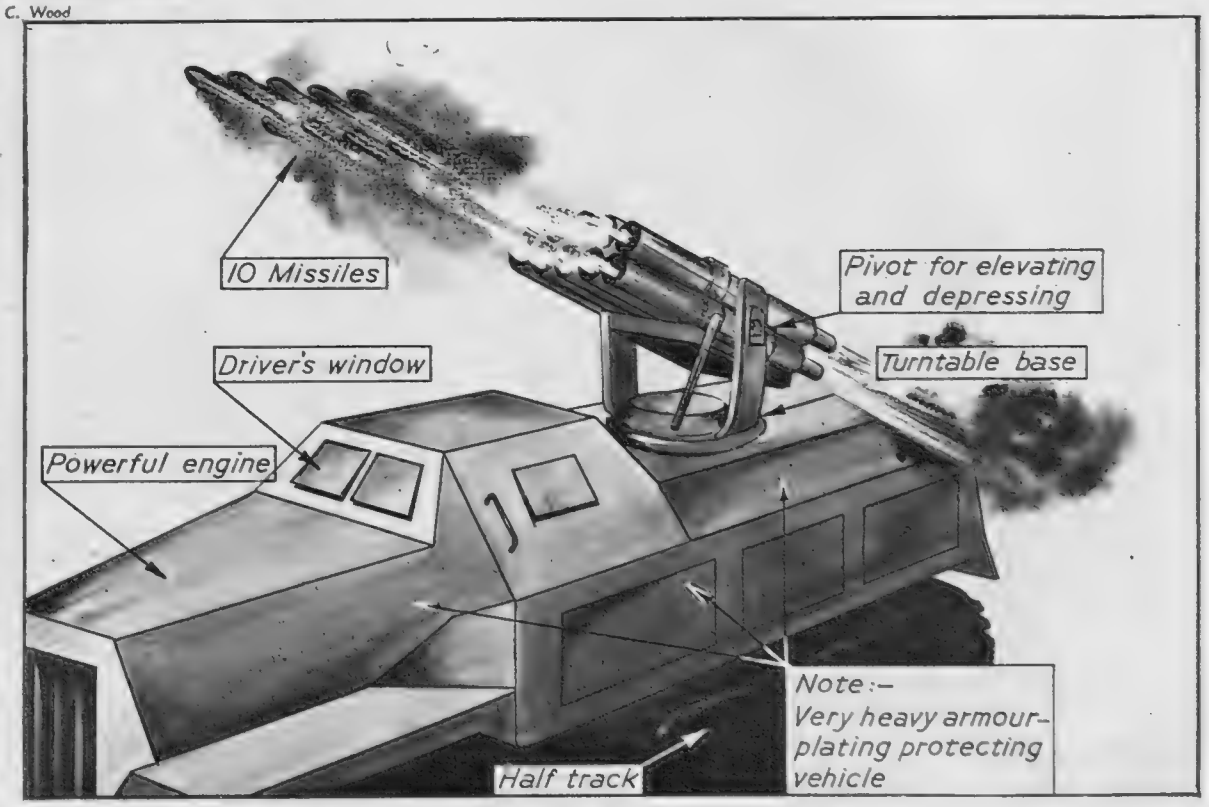
Indeed, the "Churchill," as it stands ready for the invasion, is the result of much experimenting, discarding and improving. The early models of the "Churchill" mounted a 2-pdr. gun, but this was later replaced by a 6-pdr. which has a greater armour-penetration performance. The gun is so steady in its power-driven, revolving turret that surprisingly little skill is required to fire it accurately. When Mr. Churchill once took his seat at the control lever of the tank, he found that driving was also a far more comfortable and simple job than might have been expected.

The "Churchill" can be immersed in water up to a certain point without suffering any ill effects. It is already known that these tanks were used in the Dieppe landing, and that a small number were used in the Middle East.

They were also used in North Africa, were favourably reported upon, and the Germans had a very healthy respect for them.

On right—**THE EXTENSIVE USE OF THE MORTAR BY THE GERMANS : A tank-mounted device discovered on the Russian front**—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

As the war has progressed the enemy has concentrated his attention on a number of weapons. First came the tank; this was followed by the mine, sown in thousands in his path all along the African desert. Now has come a concentration on the mortar —by preference the multiple mortar—which began to exhibit a special strength in the North Tunisian Campaign. Ever since, through Sicily into Italy, the enemy has shown an increasing fondness for the employment of the multiple mortar, firing a variety of missiles and at varying ranges. The Allies have, of course, replied with increasing mortar fire. Almost every description of activity on the 100-mile frontage across Italy couples mortar fire with artillery fire. The mortar is undoubtedly a very effective weapon. It is light and easily moved, and can toss its projectiles effectively over intervening high ground or a mass of bomb-wrecked buildings. Thousands are being thrown into Cassino during the continuous pounding of that troublesome spot. The wide-tubed type of mortar, combined as a group of six and mounted on a light carriage, is not the only type employed by the enemy. Here is another development seen on the Russian front. The group of tubes is mounted on a swivel base, perched on a tracked chassis. It must evidently be controlled by the gunners standing outside their mobile base



AROUND THE BATTLEFRONTS OF THE WORLD

HELICOPTERS ACTUALLY IN USE BY THE AMERICAN COASTGUARDS : Rescuing a "wounded" pilot from a life-raft at sea. The Air Arm of the U.S. Coastguards Third Naval District are now using helicopters for patrol and rescue duties. While such uses are admittedly only in the experimental stage at the moment, Coastguardsmen have found that, particularly in the case of rescue work, the little plane is speedier and eliminates much of the rough handling unavoidable in other methods of rescue. The helicopter can settle down on the water right alongside of a life-raft, the wounded man can then clamber on to the float and thus reach the cabin. The plane then takes off almost vertically into the air

AIR MARSHAL SIR KEITH PARK visits the R.A.F. in Egypt : Sir Keith is the Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief in the Middle East. He went there from Malta, after previously having played a great part in the defence of Britain. He recently visited a number of stations in the Western Desert and the Canal zone, and talked with pilots and ground crews at each place where his plane touched down

THE BROTHER OF THE MIDDLE EAST C.-IN-C. TOURS SERVICES CANTEENS: The Rt. Rev. Edward Francis Paget is the Bishop of Southern Rhodesia ; he is also brother of General Paget, who now commands in the Middle East. Recently the Bishop visited Services canteens at Cairo : he talked with the staffs as well as with Servicemen customers. He was accompanied on his tour by the Area Commander, Brigadier J. I. Chrystall. This picture was taken at the club at Ezbekieh Gardens : the Bishop is on the left, Brigadier Chrystall on the right (with back to the camera)

RUSSIAN GENERALS ATTEND A DANCE IN CAIRO : Two Red Army Generals and four other officers visiting Cairo received a terrific welcome when they arrived at a dance to which they had been invited by the Corporals' Club of Kasr-el-Nil Barracks. In the picture General Sudakoff (who commanded an army on the Ukrainian front) is seen giving his autograph to Lance-Corporal Loewenstein, who comes from Jerusalem. Brigadier Chrystall, Area Commander, is standing behind on the left

ALLIED ASSISTANCE TO IRAN : A scene at the Collecting Centre at Hamadan. After the grain has been brought in and examined, the local farmer receives his money at the Cash Office

ALLIED ASSISTANCE TO IRAN : After purchase by the Iranian Government, the individual contributions are stored in the manner shown here, until a full convoy load is accumulated. One of the major problems in Persian economic life is the bringing of the cereals grown in the producing areas across the vast distance of Iran—a country as large as Germany, France and Great Britain put together—to the various centres of distribution to the consumer. Many of the farming areas are well away from rail routes, and non-military motor transport is scarce ; it is this particular aspect of the problem which the Allies are helping the Iranians to solve. Assisted by American and British experts, the Persian Government has set up in the grain-producing parts of the country a system of Collecting Centres to which the farmers bring and sell their produce. At such centres the cereals are loaded on to British Army lorries and transported, sometimes for hundreds of miles over all types of terrain—from desert to high mountain passes—and often under the worst kinds of weather conditions, to rail heads, or direct to distribution centres

THE B.B.C. IN YUGOSLAVIA : Partisans broadcast to Britain. On March 26 listeners in Britain heard free people speaking from the heart of "Hitler's Europe." This was made possible by Denis Johnston, the B.B.C.'s correspondent in "Partisan-land," who made a recording in Yugoslavia of songs and statements by Partisan fighters, men and women. Above he is seen holding the microphone during the making of the recording

THE AMERICAN SECRETARY OF STATE TALKS TO THE PRESS : Recently Mr. Cordell Hull spent two and a half hours explaining American foreign policy to a group of Republican Congressmen. Later, the Secretary of State met a number of newspaper reporters, men and women, and told them what he had said : he declared that he had had a full and complete exchange of ideas and information on international affairs with the twenty-four Republican representatives

THE ONLY W.A.A.F. OFFICER IN ADEN : Section Officer D. M. Duke comes from the county of Essex ; she has now served overseas for three years—in East Africa, the Middle East and Aden. While in East Africa she married Captain Duke, and both were soon afterwards posted to Aden, where Mrs. Duke is the only serving W.A.A.F. officer. She is employed at Air Headquarters in that hot and arid base

AN AMERICAN WOMAN GOES SHOPPING IN INDIA : Betty Goldsmith works in a Red Cross hospital ; in order that her convalescent patients may satisfy their desires by sending home presents from the local bazaars, she does their shopping in the market-place amidst the crowds of native purchasers. This, of course, in addition to her other duties. Miss Goldsmith hails from South Dakota—a far cry from India !

THE ONLY TREE ON ATTU—and that is not a real one : Attu lies in the Aleutians, the desolate string of islands that juts out towards Japan from the Alaskan coast. No trees or vegetation grow in that barren spot, so the U.S. Army Engineers decided to make a tree. This is the result : the trunk has been made of camouflage material, but the twigs are real, brought to the island from a more cheerful clime. Barbed-wire fencing surrounds this unique object

SOME OF THE THIRTY A.T.S. OFFICERS who have gone to Canada : These women are amongst a party which recently arrived in Canada, to spend three months attached to C.W.A.C. units at Canadian Headquarters. This is part of an exchange system whereby Englishwomen will go to Canada and Canadian women will come here. By this means the two Services will pool ideas and profit by each other's experiences

FROM THE AMERICAN CONTINENT

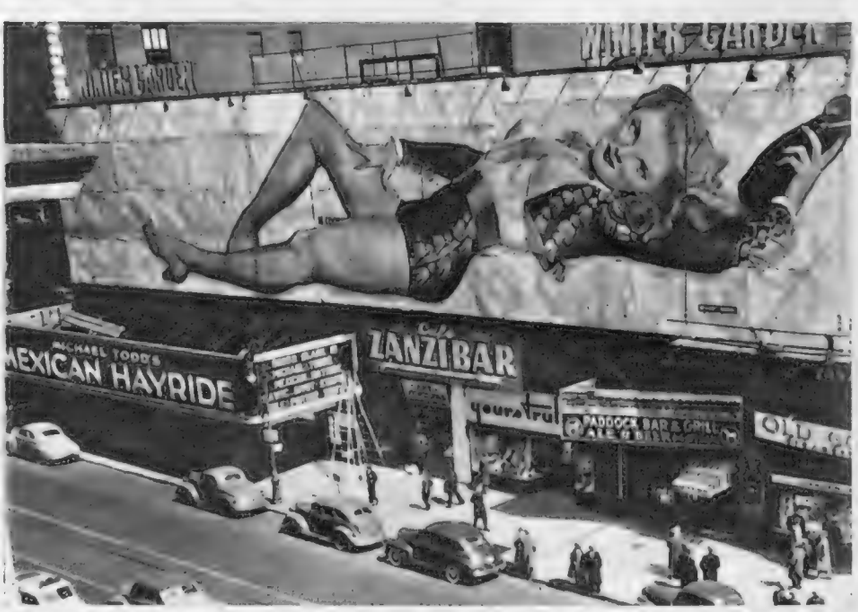
POLYGAMY ONCE AGAIN BECOMES AN ISSUE IN THE UNITED STATES : Utah's newest series of polygamy trials opened in the Federal Court in Salt Lake City (stronghold of the Mormons) a few weeks ago. Heber Kimball Cleveland, a forty-two-year-old tailor, was put on trial under the Mann Act accused of marrying more than one wife : he contended, in reply, that "God's law" gave him the right to three or seven wives, as he pleases. This is Cleveland's youngest wife, Marie, and their two children, Frances and Freddie : the former is six months old and the latter is two years

THE HEAD OF THE "FUNDAMENTALIST GROUP" IN UTAH, who is the leader of the new polygamy movement in Salt Lake City : John Yates Barlow is seventy-two years old : he is the Presiding Elder of the "Fundamentalists" who have broken with the dominant Mormon Church. In consequence, he is one of the defendants, and the leading defendant, in the case brought by the U.S. Government in the Federal Court in Salt Lake City. Elder Barlow is seen here with his eldest wife, Susie, and with two of his twenty-eight children : the latter are Laverne Barlow (on left) and Juanita Smith (on right). Both are of high-school age. They are the daughters of different mothers : Laverne's mother is dead. Susie brought up both. It is now many years since the Mormon Church agreed to abandon the practice of polygamy common in the time of Brigham Young. According to the law, polygamy is now forbidden

QUINTUPLETS BORN IN THE ARGENTINE : The Señorita Regina Monsalvo exhibits the five children born to the Diligentis—two boys and three girls

THE ARGENTINE QUINTUPLETS ARE ALREADY STRONG AND HEALTHY BABIES, according to this photograph from Buenos Aires : Throughout the Argentine one of the principal topics of conversation is the birth of a family of quintuplets. According to the parents, Señor and Señora Franco Diligenti the babies were born on July 11, 1943 : their birth was kept secret, however, "to avoid publicity." If the Diligenti story be substantiated, these five babies will provide a counter-attraction to the Dionne quintuplets of Canada. In the above picture, the names of the children from left to right are : Carlos Alberto Maria Esther, Maria Fernanda, Maria Christiana and Franco

DURING THE TRIAL OF CHARLIE CHAPLIN IN LOS ANGELES : Followed by a large crowd, the famous comedian walks down Spring Street with Mr. and Mrs. George Woods on the way to lunch during his trial on charges under the Mann Act. Later in the same day, Chaplin took the witness stand to testify on his own behalf, and was acquitted of the worst of the charges in connection with Miss Joan Barry



"THE WORLD'S LARGEST PIN-UP GIRL" as she appears on a hoarding on Broadway, New York. This is the gigantic and lurid design created by the American artist, Varga, to advertise a new musical show now running on Broadway, *Mabel*. The design is 124 ft. long, and depicts "Mabel" in what has been described as a "very sultry" attitude and costume. It has aroused intense interest amongst all sections of New Yorkers. Apart from other considerations, the police have a problem in connection with this poster—they are afraid that pedestrians looking upwards may forget such things as traffic in the street below !

The PRE-FABRICATED HOUSE : and Other Items of Home Interest

AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW STEEL MODEL DWELLING, which it is proposed to mass-produce after the war to overcome the housing shortage

THE SITTING-ROOM OF THE PRE-FABRICATED HOUSE, which is more attractive and comfortable than the exterior view would indicate

A CORNER OF THE KITCHEN, showing the refrigerator, vegetable racks, gas oven, hot-water pipes, etc., which will be "built in" to the new house. The greatest interest has been aroused by the new house which the Government propose to erect in large numbers for demobilised members of the Forces and bombed-out families after the war. The Prime Minister has promised that 500,000 of these will be available in various parts of the country. The three pictures shown here were taken in the house erected on a site adjoining the Tate Gallery. This type can be mass-produced and quickly assembled to tide over the time until the building industry is fully mobilised. The house contains a living-room, two bedrooms, kitchen and bathroom, lavatory and shed : built in will be fixtures worth £100

THE THATCHER'S ART DEMONSTRATED NEAR CHELTENHAM : At work on a picturesque cottage at Prestbury. Work of this kind is quite expensive, but the dwindling number of skilled thatchers are nevertheless in great demand, particularly as straw is so plentiful. A thatch of this kind has a life of about thirty years. The thatcher in the picture is one of the very few of the modern generation now carrying on with the work

A "BABY EXPRESS" IN THE NORTH COUNTRY WHICH RUNS DAILY : Mothers and their newly-born babies leaving Gilsland, in Cumberland, for Newcastle. During the last three years Matron M. Mansell, in charge of a Newcastle Corporation maternity home near Gilsland, Cumberland, has brought nearly 3,000 babies into the world. Since the home was opened in 1941, 2,762 children (including several sets of twins) have left the home to return to the city by the "baby express" which picks up the mothers and the young offspring at Gilsland Station each morning. When the train leaves Carlisle for its journey to Newcastle, a compartment is reserved specially for the mothers. At Newcastle Central Station, awaiting the train, there is always a group of anxious fathers keen to get their first glimpse of their newly-born children

THE GIRL PIPE-MAJOR who is marrying an American sergeant : The engagement has been announced of Pipe-Major Edith Turnbull, senior officer of the Dagenham Girl Pipers and first Pipe-Major of a Girls' Bagpipe Band in this country. Her husband-to-be is Staff Sergeant Charles J. Kawa, of Brooklyn, who is now serving with the U.S. Army in England. The couple met at the World's Fair in New York [in 1939, when]Miss Turnbull was playing in an exhibit called "Merrie England Village" and her fiancé was managing amusements there

MR. GERALD KELLY, R.A.'s, PICTURE OF "H.M. THE QUEEN." This is a full-length portrait by one of our leading painters. Mr. Kelly has five canvases in this year's Exhibition, of which four are portraits, two of them being of the Queen

MR. JAMES GUNN'S PORTRAIT OF THE KING. This is the picture in which critics have seen such a likeness between the present King and his father, the late King George V. The same artist has also contributed to this year's Exhibition the portrait of "Pauline," reproduced on the right

THE BOOM IN ART

With Special Reference to the Present R.A. Exhibition at Burlington House, the 176th. Described by CHARLES GRAVES

THE Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Burlington House is, by and large, escapist in tendency. Current painting in this, the longest war in the memory of living man, takes much the same line as current British film production. Its protagonists are doing their best to avoid war subjects. Inevitably, there are a number of portraits of generals, admirals, and senior R.A.F. officers, but the number of war subjects, like Dame Laura Knight's bomber pictures, are very few and far between. Coupled with this it looks as though the Hanging Committee this year decided to admit more modern paintings than before—in the hopes that pictures priced for ten or fifteen guineas this year may be worth two or three hundred guineas in some years' time; as opposed to those solid thousand-guinea pictures by Edwardian painters which are now only worth the price of their picture-frames.

The result of all this has been immediate. Twice as many pictures were sold on Private View Day than in 1943, and it is safe to prophesy that this proportion of purchases will continue throughout the Exhibition, in spite of the fact that prices have gone up (no doubt in connection with the cost of living).

The most expensive picture in the Exhibition—James Gunn's picture of his wife—was bought for £1,000 within an hour of the opening of the Exhibition Mr. Russell Flint sold four paintings for £1,450, and Charles Wheeler's stone figure, "Aphrodite II.," went for one thousand guineas, which was the top price in the Exhibition.

Several of the Royal Academicians have not exhibited. They include Gerald Brockhurst, who is in the United States; Sir Frank Brangwyn; Sir D. Y. Cameron; and Sir George Clausen, among others. Of the others, Gerald Kelly has painted the Queen twice in the same dress, Augustus John has done General Montgomery, Sydney Lee has done another of his almost photographic mountain scenes, while A. K. Lawrence has done a kind of conversation piece—a type of painting which is otherwise almost non-existent in this year's Exhibition.

There is no doubt that at the moment young portrait-painters have a great opportunity. Brockhurst, I repeat, is in the United States; Sir William Nicholson, Augustus John, and Frank Salisbury are, I believe, booked up for years to come; Simon Elwes is in Cairo; James Gunn is also very busy indeed, like most of the other artists who charge over five hundred guineas.

War always brings commissions to artists who can undertake them.

BY THE FAMOUS WOMAN ARTIST, DAME LAURA KNIGHT, R.A.—"Take-off," the scene inside an R.A.F. bomber as the crew get ready for an operational flight over Germany. This picture of the war by air has attracted a great deal of attention at Burlington House

"THE START AT NEWMARKET," painted by A. J. Munnings, the newly-elected President of the Royal Academy. This is one of four pictures (out of seven exhibited) sold for £1,690: "The Start" actually realised £400

There are so many chairmen of war-effort jobs who are being, or will be, rewarded by portraits of themselves.

Of the younger artists now coming along there are Rodrigo Moynihan, Anthony Devas, and Alader Lenyell. The latter is a junior De Laszlo (but less sugary) and comes from Hungary. He has not exhibited in the Royal Academy. He does not need to do so.

MR. JAMES GUNN, painter of the important picture reproduced on the right, and also of H.M. the King

Of other leading artists, Muirhead Bone is the doyen of the artists painting war subjects for the Royal Navy; Sir William Rothenstein and Eric Kennington are only two of a team of distinguished artists painting for the Royal Air Force. The Army, too, has its quota. In addition, a number of young artists are employed in the Army Camouflage Schools. One of them, Basil Jonzen, who has exhibited this year, took part in the Lofoten raid. It is quite possible that their training in camouflage will teach them simplification.

In the meantime, artists in civil life are having a very difficult time in securing the implements of their craft. There are exceedingly few brushes available, and in many shops artists are rationed to one or two. Turpentine, also essential to painters, is almost impossible to secure; and when in a recent blitz a well-known firm of restorers lost thirty or forty gallons, it was a genuinely serious matter. Varnish is hard to acquire, colours are very much restricted, and there is a big demand for old frames, not only because of Purchase Tax, but also because new ones are difficult to find. It is a fact that artists are in some cases having to paint pictures to fit frames, while bad pictures (normally worth two or three pounds) are fetching up to £10 merely because of their frames. There is still plenty of gold leaf, but studios themselves have grown very scarce. So many were destroyed in Bloomsbury and Chelsea by the blitz. Art galleries have also been put out of commission.

This scarcity of materials and studios is borne out by the indisputable fact that many of the pictures in the Royal Academy this year must have been painted before the war and saved for, metaphorically, rainy days like the present. Certainly it seems improbable that an artist could paint Riviera landscapes purely from memory.

Of the artists whose names were new to me, Frank Giles, Margaret Lindsay Williams, Will Penn, and Mary Adshead ought to have a prosperous future ahead of them.

There are several pin-up girls, to give the modern soldier slang for nudes; which, of course, is all in keeping with escapism. But there is not much humour in the Exhibition, though some is provided by J. Kynnersley Kirby showing a cheerful-looking butcher with a sad-looking piece of steak entitled "This Week's Ration."

Henry Lamb, one of the War Office artists, shows a number of portraits. The nation's war records will also include the "Bunion-Stannard irrigation envelope treatment of burns, administered by Sister Roberts at the Middlesex Hospital"; and W.A.A.F. mechanics and an aircraft-carrier by Charles Cundall, R.A.-elect, the Air Ministry artist. Henry Rushbury, R.A., seems to have specialised in shipbuilding for the Government.

No doubt all these pictures serve a useful historic purpose, and in after years students and others will go to the Imperial War Museum in Lambeth Road, S.E.1. At the moment, however, they are a definite foil to the more lively pictures which make this year's Academy the most interesting for a long time.

It is clear that the younger artists at least are becoming commercial—to the extent of painting pictures which people are likely to buy and put into their flats and houses. On the whole, of course, the pictures are smaller, if only because fewer people can afford houses and, therefore, have enough wall space for large pictures. This commercialism reaches its apex in a picture by Mr. Le Bas of an Army bandsman who is drinking Bass's beer (see the bottles). It seems inevitable that the directors of that great brewery, Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton, will have bought it by the time these words appear in print.

Pictures like "Oncoming Spring, Pulborough, Sussex," by R. O. Dunlop, are just the kind of thing which one would like to buy and which would be easy to live with. So, too, are what one might call holiday pictures of scenes in France and Italy.

One thing is certain. There are more women artists to-day than ever before. Led by Dame Laura Knight, Dame Ethel Walker, Mrs. Dod Procter, Kathleen Mann, and Flora Lyon, there are over two hundred women represented by exhibits in this year's Academy.

ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING PICTURES AT BURLINGTON HOUSE—"Pauline in the Yellow Dress," by James Gunn—one of four exhibited by the same artist. "Pauline" is the artist's wife. The canvas has been purchased by the Harris Art Gallery, Preston, for the price of £1,000, the highest paid for a picture

MR. ALBERT PERRY, one of whose pictures has been accepted by the R.A. after years of rejection

YOUNGEST EXHIBITOR: Seventeen-year-old Trevor Makinson, who has had two paintings accepted

CHARLEY WOODFORD, THE BUTCHER at Bishop's Stortford, who served as the model for the picture reproduced on the right. Here he is shown in real life

A TOPICAL PICTURE WHICH HAS AROUSED GREAT INTEREST—"The Week's Ration," painted by J. K. Kirby. The butcher is a well-known figure in the little town of Bishop's Stortford, near which the artist works

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

NEW WORKS FROM THE NOVELISTS

Indian Adventure; The Intrigues of a Film Director; Frontier Days in Kansas and Oregon; A Comprehensive Selection of Poems

IN spite of the combined magic of E. M. Forster, Yeats-Brown, Kipling and even Rabindranath Tagore, India has never been a country I wanted to visit, or a mystery I wished to solve, from which, I feel sure, every kind of unfavourable moral can be drawn. Nevertheless, the writing of these masters has been a constant source of delight, and in more recent years have come Ackerley, Rumer Godden, Dennis Gray Stoll and Christine Weston.

Unlike Mr. Forster, who wrote *Passage to India* after a five-months' stay there, and Mr. Stoll, who turned in a more than creditable novel on the strength of never having been to India at all, Mrs. Weston was born in the United Provinces of India, and lived there, with brief visits to England, until her marriage. Her novel INDIGO (Collins. 10s. 6d.) could therefore stand its ground on sheer authenticity, even if it had no further claims to one's attention.

The point of these few paragraphs, however, is to prove that it has innumerable other claims, and that it is, in fact, one of the most distinguished novels of the year. If she had never written another word, and were oddly inspired to give up writing from now on, her name would still live.

A STAINED-GLASS EXPERT: Mr. Samuel Caldwell, eighty-three years of age, re-leading some of the thirteenth-century glass of Canterbury Cathedral. For sixty-five years Mr. Caldwell has been tending the ancient stained glass of the Cathedral, which was all removed and safely stored when war began. Many boarded windows in the Cathedral indicate what its fate would have been had it been left. Down one of Canterbury's narrow streets is the workshop Mr. Caldwell inherited from his father. It is littered with sections of stained glass under repair. During the last war he supervised the removal and storage of the Cathedral's ancient stained glass, the replacing of which occupied him for many years. Now he is getting ready to repeat this task in anticipation

The story opens in a kind of Himalayan paradise at the end of the last century, where three young people are growing up together. Their paths are to be divided by the currents of race, position and purpose, but their childhood affection shows no shadow of this. Hardyal, the son of a rich Indian barrister, loves his French friend Jacques, who, in spite of a possessive and suffocatingly pious mother, has enough independence to stand by the Hindu. The third boy is John Macbeth, the son of an Army officer, who never really understands the people for whose government his caste is responsible.

Their friendship continues into the days of their young manhood and after Hardyal's return from England, where he has been educated, but gradually the Hindu realises he is not one of them, and as gradually he falls under the influence of an Indian nationalist who hates the British, and is eager for political reforms.

The faithful Jacques sympathises with his friend's personal problem, but knows in his heart that, though his love for Hardyal is unchanged, the innocent trust and unthinking generosity of their childhood has gone for ever. That is the sketchiest outline of a story that contains so much more; such a picture of the glamour and the filth that combine to make up that strange continent, and that tells a story about unusually sympathetic and honest people.

There should be some prohibition, effective among book critics, for preventing the disclosure of a mystery novel's solution, or the final twist of any really good story. The chief function of a page of book reviews should be to help the reader in picking out the kind of thing that will give him most pleasure, entertainment or instruction—if he 's that kind of reader. And for the reviewer to take the climax of the book and analyse it to a prospective reader has all the deflating effect of an adult exclaiming to a child, half-way through its birthday treat, that "it *has* been fun, hasn't it?"

Such a veto would be particularly beneficial in the case of novels such as Mr. L. A. G. Strong's THE DIRECTOR (Methuen. 8s. 6d.), for yet another reason. Here is a story which begins with a powerful, satiric intent, and peters off into a kind of run-of-the-mill cynicism which is more painful than outright sentimentality. To achieve an honest portrait of a brilliant and unscrupulous film director would have been excellent: to switch two-thirds of the way through into a stock, Hollywood treatment is lamentable. And from Mr. Strong almost unforgivable.

Paul Deakin, the film director, is, nevertheless, a study worth remembering. His enthusiasms, confined to subjects of his own choice, is boundless; his vitality unimpaired by alcohol or any distractions outside his work. Films and the making of films are his work, and when he starts a new production there seems to be no obstacle too great for his self-confidence to tackle, or for his ingenuity to circumvent. At the opening of Mr. Strong's novel he arrives with his team of technicians, and a rather diffident author, in a remote Irish fishing village, which is the authentic location for a new picture.

He lures, bribes, entices and dragoons the whole village into service. Many of them are to act for the first time in their lives. Only one man remains in adamant opposition, and he is the key to the whole situation: the Catholic priest. In him, the director finds his Waterloo, and in their clash comes the novelist's opportunity, but it is an opportunity he does not altogether take. From being vividly alive the story becomes a thing of pasteboard. Or do I mean celluloid?

When he was collecting and selecting the poems that he had written since 1933, to form a single, comprehensive volume, Mr. John Pudney came to the conclusion that, if there were such a thing as war-poetry, then he had been writing war-poetry all the time, and TEN SUMMERS (John Lane. 7s. 6d.) bears out his contention.

COLONEL DAVID SARNOFF, Chief of Radio Corporation of America, is now in London to take up an important war job. He has been appointed Special Consultant to the Communications Branch at Supreme Allied Headquarters. He is fifty-three years of age, and has been one of the greatest figures in American radio of the last decade

Many of these verses have been published before, and I remember with particular pleasure the lines on the "First Sighting of West Africa," but some of his newest work is here, and some that was hitherto unpublished. In "A Toast" he defers, exceptionally, to sentiment, but although not of his best, the verse has real feeling. Here it is:

"Who live in hope and hope to live;
And give too much and always give:
Who die too often and contrive
To look alive and love alive:
Who con the lonely pulse of life.
Here 's 'Happy Landings' to the Wife."

Far be it from me to take the pusillanimous attitude of regretting *Gone With the Wind* (or, indeed, the Bourbons, as the Sitwells are said to regret them), but there is no doubt that Miss Mitchell certainly started something with that great big book of hers. It started mothers calling their babies Scarlett (appropriately, in many cases); it started drug-store dandies growing side-whiskers; it started the longest nonstop film run on record.

Since that day, few publishers have dared to utter the once intimidating words, "But isn't your book a trifle too long, Miss Lovejoy?" And fewer publishers, to judge by results, have refused to publish manuscripts which must certainly have been wheeled to their offices by proud—if panting authors. All of which is to say that THE ROCK AND THE WIND (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 9s.) is a good deal too long, and would gain in tension and dramatic impetus if a third were taken from it.

AN AMERICAN WAR REPORTER WINS A PULITZER PRIZE: Mr. Daniel Deluce is a correspondent of the Associated Press and the first Allied journalist to visit General Tito and his army of liberation in Yugoslavia. He has now been awarded a Pulitzer Prize "for a distinguished example of telegraphic reporting on international affairs." Deluce came to London before the outbreak of war and went to Poland when hostilities began. He then went through the Greek campaign, whence, accompanied by his wife, he eventually escaped in a fishing-boat to Turkey. Later, in Burma, he escaped again, driving 2,000 miles in a jeep in ten days

Vivian Bretherton's novel is of the frontier days in Kansas and in Oregon; days of desperadoes and pioneers, and of the spirit that animated both them and their women. (The women make out a good deal better on the whole, pardner.) The heroine is Trudy Tressellian, from Cornwall by way of Kansas, who marries dashing young Breck Farridon, a Suth'n gentleman, and goes with him to the new town of Portland, in Oregon.

Here Breck tries his hand at a great many things, including gambling and home-breaking, but he is by profession a railway engineer, and it is as such that his only success ever comes. The same might almost be said for the author, whose narrative is never as convincing or as genuinely exciting as when it deals with the big railways fights; the physical encounters between rival gangs, or the equally violent business tussles between the Harrimans and the Hills. That is authentic and right, and by the same token, enjoyable.

But the book 's too long, for all that.

TROOPER NORTH (Selwyn and Blount. 8s. 6d.) is a war story without heroes; the first novel that I remember reading about life in the Tank units. It might, though, be about any group of recruits from the day they join the Army to the day when proud or browned-off, according to their various dispositions—they can really call themselves soldiers.

Mr. John Brown writes without literary pretensions, but with a cheerful acceptance, or an unembittered grumble about Army conditions and, fairly evidently, from personal experience. Here it all is, including what the chief "ticker" thought about the trooper's chance of an OCTU. Informative stuff, particularly if you 're raising your boy to be a soldier.

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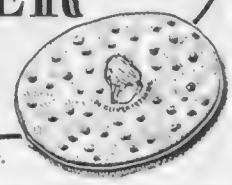

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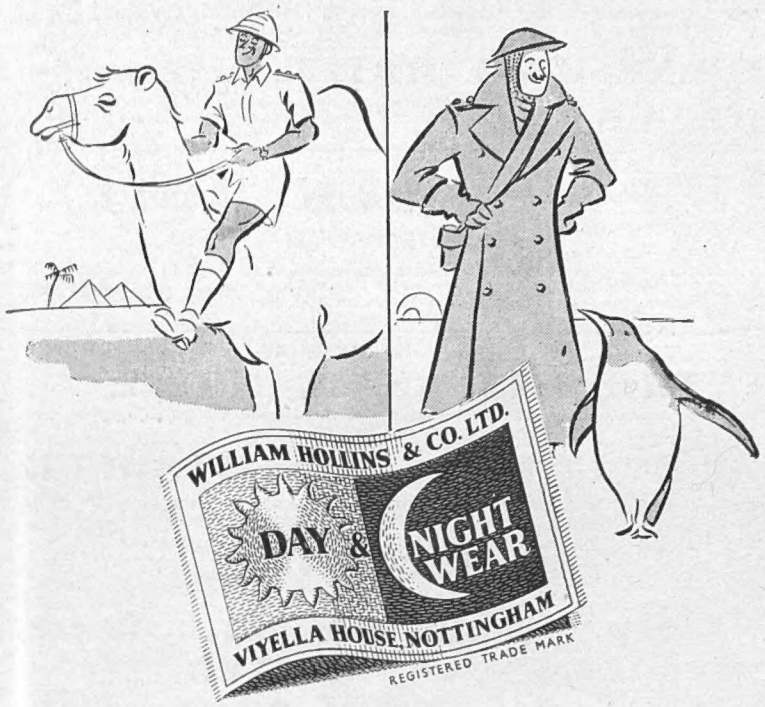

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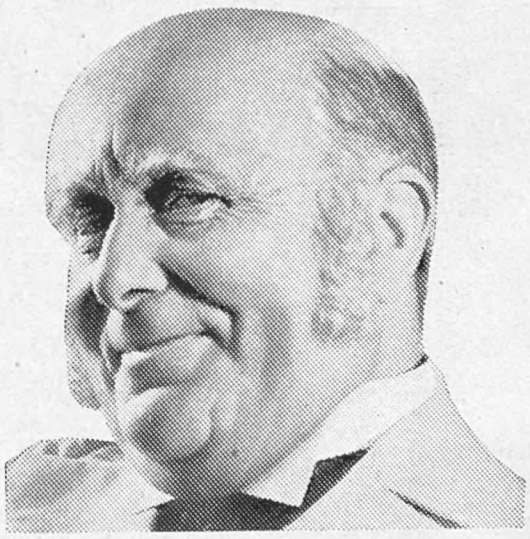

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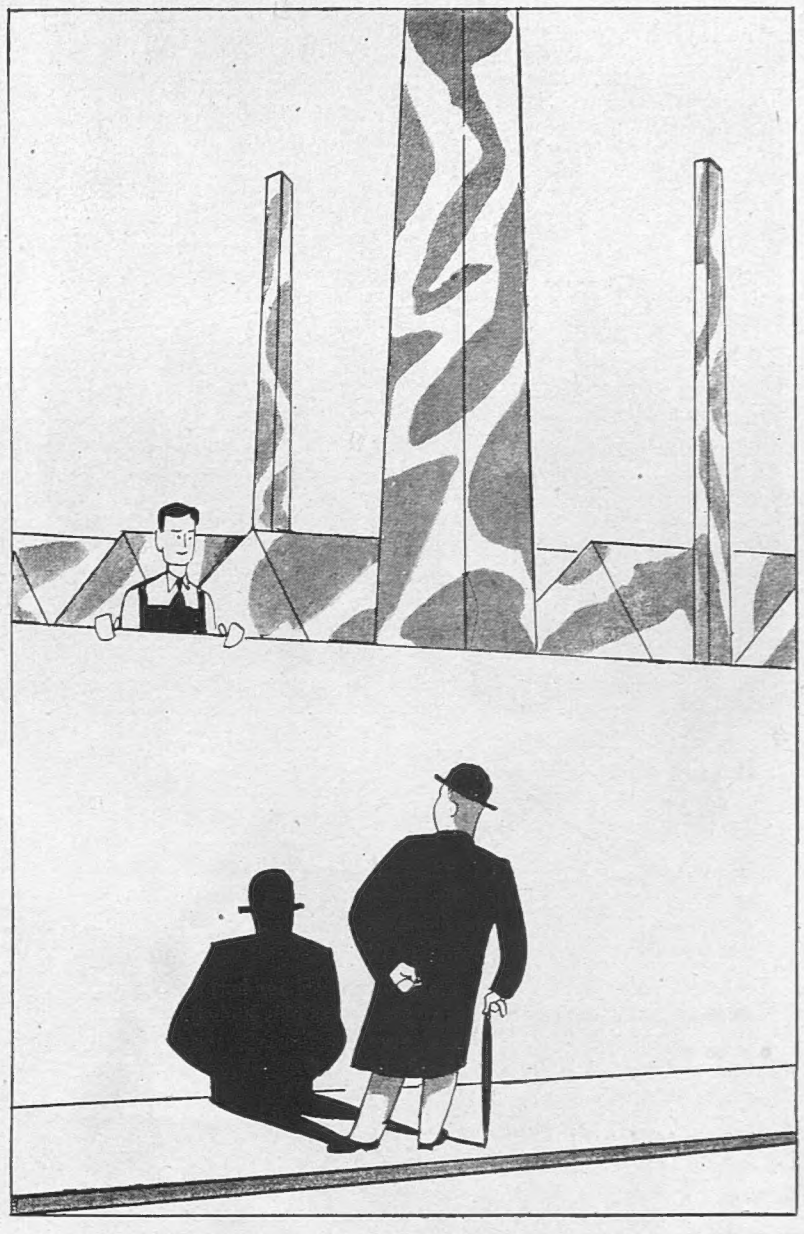

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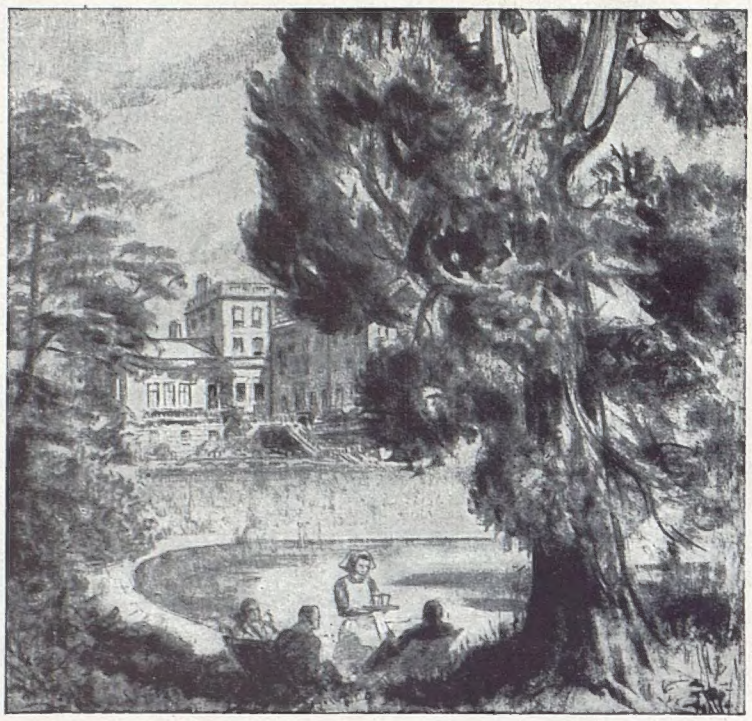

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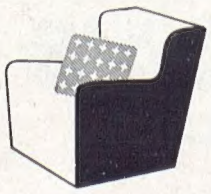

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